(Name of Project)
by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If
Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer,
date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

FADE IN ON:

Suburbia, exploding in colors on a bright fall

morn. EXT. THE DAVIS HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY

Toddler MOLLY DAVIS rides an old red Radio Flyer TRIKE in the driveway while ANDY DAVIS, still seven, uses a BROOM to sweep the front walk, his imagination making the best of it.

ANDY

(crusty pirate voice)
Keep swabbin' the deck, me hearties, or yer'll be walking the cursed plank! Arrrrgh...!

He switches from pirate to athlete, assumes a batting stance.

ANDY (cont'd)
Fastball low, Davis SWINGS and... (makes POP noise w/tongue)
Holy cow, this ball's going, going, GONE! Cubbies win! Cubbies win!

ABOVE ANDY-- IN AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW, his mother, the lovely JENNIFER DAVIS, calls down to her celebrating son.

JENNIFER

Andy, are you playing or sweeping?

ANDY

(holding his broom up)
Sweeping! The Cubs sweep the series! The Cubs sweep the series!

JENNIFER

Well, finish sweeping the *porch*, kiddo, then take Molly inside and wash up. It's almost noon.

ANDY

(back to pirate, swabbing) Aye-aye, me hearty!

INT. ANDY'S ROOM

Satisfied, Jen turns to the task at hand-- ANDY'S MESSY ROOM, his toys, games, and dirty clothes scattered everywhere.

She sighs and moves around the room, tidying as she goes.

BUZZ LIGHTYEAR is freed from a silly-string spider-web.

SHERIFF WOODY is freed from having tea with Bo and flock.

JESSIE gets plopped atop BULLSEYE, both dropped on a dresser.

HAMM joins ZURG atop the MONITOR of Andy's desktop I-MAC.

MR. AND MRS. POTATO HEAD and their adopted "kids" (the Little Green Men) get shoved together atop a dresser.

REX, surrounded by GREEN ARMY MEN, is plucked mid-rampage from the ruins of a tiny Lego village and shelved.

SLINKY DOG is pulled from a pile of clothes, a pair of boy's undies ("The Incredibles" on the butt) caught in his coils.

And as WHEEZY, MIKE THE MIC, RC, MR. SPELL, and ETCH are all dropped into an already overflowing toy box...

The room's clean, save for the wood floor and its collection of Buster-hair-tumbleweeds, dust-bunnies, and old cheerios. But they'll be next, as Mom returns from the hall pulling--

A gleaming new CANNISTER VACUUM. She plugs it in, hits the "power" switch and... nothing happens. Mom squints, stumped.

JENNIFER
Huh.

But before she can find the trouble... trouble finds her.

ANDY
(yelling, o.s.)
Mom?! Molly tipped!

Mom looks out the window to the driveway. Molly's trike is on its side, Molly crying and rubbing a knee.

JENNIFER
(concerned, not panicked)
Hang on, Moll-- Mommy's coming.

She leaves the room, and after an appropriate beat--

THE TOYS COME ALIVE, Rex LEAPING from his shelf and landing right beside Jessie and Bullseye with a fierce, fangy...

REX
ROOOOARRRRR...!

Jess doesn't bat an eye. Bullseye yawns.

JESSIE
You 'bout done there, Rex?

REX

(kills the roar)
Aw...! What was wrong with that?

JESSIE

I saw your shadow before you jumped. Fangs and a good roar are one thing, but you gotta have an *element of surprise* if you really want to see somebody lose it.

REX

Element of surprise... got it.

And as Jess and Bullseye stroll off...

ON THE FLOOR BESIDE HER-- the SQUEEZE TOY ALIENS approach
Mom's vacuum, excited and jabbering like children.

SQUEEZE TOY ALIENS

Oooh, look!

ALIEN #1

A new vacuum-based cleaning device!

MRS. POTATO HEAD

Kids! You know the rules! No talking to strange appliances!

ALIEN #2

(ignoring her, to vacuum)
Greetings, cousin! We hail from the vast vacuum called space!

MRS. POTATO HEAD

(fed-up, turns to hubby)
What are they, deaf? Do they not hear me talking here? Why doesn't anyone ever *listen* to me?!

MR. POTATO HEAD

Because baby, listen to yourself!

Lightning quick, Mr. P-Head yanks off his mouth, then yanks off hers and slaps it on his face, *using her mouth and voice.*

MR. POTATO HEAD (cont'd)

(in her nasally whine)
"Hey, are you deaf? Look out! Don't touch that! Don't have fun!"

Mouthless, she snatches his mouth from his hand, slaps it on.

MRS. POTATO HEAD
(in *his* gruff voice)
That's not what I said! How dare you put words in my mouth!

ON ANDY'S DESK-- Woody joins Buzz, Jessie, and Bullseye as they watch the opposite-voiced P-Heads continue their spat.

WOODY
(squints, confused)
Um, why is Mr. Potato Head wearing Mrs. Potato Head's clothes?

BUZZ
He's not. He's her and she's him.

JESSIE
They got in a fight and swapped mouths. It's complicated.

BUZZ
And more than a little creepy.

As the P-Heads continue to argue, Woody sighs...

WOODY
Looks like the honeymoon's over.

...then moves on past the WINDOW, where Slinky Dog and Wheezy watch below as Mom picks up a still-sobbing Molly.

SLINKY DOG
Aw, poor Molly.

WHEEZY
That mean old trike. He used to like tipping Andy over, too.

WOODY
Hard to believe there's toys out there that don't care about kids.

He mozies on toward the I-MAC sitting atop Andy's desk.

WOODY (cont'd)
So guys, how are things going with "Operation Wishlist"?

Hamm and Zurg stand before the I-Mac's keyboard.

HAMM
Almost done, just mulling the valediction. Have a look.

ON THE MONITOR-- an e-mail is in progress.
To: GDavis55
From: CubsfanAndy
Subject: Wishlist

Woody steps up and reads the following text:

WOODY
"Dear Grandma, I know it's a little early to be writing, but all I want for Christmas this year is books."
(beat, pleased)
Perfect! And be sure to spam a copy to his Aunts and Uncles too.

JESSIE
Don't touch that touchpad, porky!

She steps in and taps something out on the keyboard.

JESSIE (cont'd)
...and all Molly wants is clothes."
(a look to Woody)
Now it's perfect. Sign it, piglet.

HAMM
(steps in and types)
"Love, Andy."
(turns to others)
Should I add some x-o-x-o's?

BUZZ
"Exo-exos"? What language is *that*?

JESSIE
(eye roll, head shake)
It means hugs and kisses, Buzz. Jeeps, weren't there any female-folk in that galaxy you came from?

BUZZ
(blushes, then)
Well, it's a little known fact, but since he *does* carry and birth his own spawn, technically Emperor Zurg here's a female.

JESSIE
(whirls on Zurg)
Hah?! You mean the Emperor's really an Emperor-ess?

ZURG

Lightyear...!

JESSIE

Wee-dogs, Zurgy! Wait'll Bo Peep and Barbie find out! Ya'll can go to the beauty shop for pedicures!

ZURG

(to Buzz, fuming)

You'll pay for that, Space Ranger!

Zurg aims his BALL-SHOOTER. Buzz assumes a fighting stance.

BUZZ

Bring it on, woman!

POP-POP-POP! Zurg blasts away, firing balls at Buzz who jumps, ducks, and bats them away, one of the balls hitting...

A WALL SWITCH, which in turn sends power to the switched-on CANNISTER VACUUM sitting on the floor. Instantly, the HOSE starts to WHIP AROUND, *sucking up everything in its path.*

The three Squeeze Toys Aliens are first to go...

ALIEN #1

Rejoice!

ALIEN #2

We have been chosen!

FPP-FPP-FPP! Up the hose they go. Mrs. P-Head screams--

MRS. POTATO HEAD

My babies!

---then faints into Mr. P-Head's arms as the CHAOS CONTINUES:

SHOOOP! The hose rakes across "The Game of Life", sucking up cash and cars filled with tiny pink and blue "peg people."

SHOOOK! A naked TROLL DOLL is swallowed, afro-first.

WHOOSH! It cleans out a BARREL OF MONKEYS, each screeching simian dragging the next one down the tube with him.

FFFP--! Bo's flock follows with an eerie "doppler-baaaaaa".

REX

(screams, horrified)

Aaaah! Bo Peep's lost her sheep!

BO

Woody---?!

WOODY

I’m on it...!

Woody LEAPS to the floor and SQUARES OFF with the hissing, flexing, serpent-like vac-hose. But then it strikes--

THWOCK--! --and grabs Woody by the leg, sucking it in.

WOODY (cont’d)
Buzz! Jess! Same day rule!

Buzz and Jessie rush over and yank Woody free. Only now...

HIS BOOT is gone, vacuum-fodder. He eyes his stocking-foot.

WOODY (cont’d)
The sucker got my BOOT!
(hops up, enraged)
Sargeant...?! Take it out!

SARGE
Let’s go, men! MOVE! MOVE! MOVE!

SARGE leads the charge, an ENTIRE BUCKET of GREEN ARMY MEN SWARMING ON the roaring vac and its whipping hose. But as--

SHHOOP--! ENTIRE BATTALIONS go instantly MIA...

SARGE (cont’d)
Retreat! Retreat!

Buzz turns to Jessie as the hose whips around behind him.

BUZZ
(cocky)
Well, as usual, looks like it’s-
- (strikes the pose)
Buzz Lightyear to the rescue!

JESSIE
(not impressed)
Watch your back, space-boy.

THWAP! The hose snags Buzz from behind, grabbing him by the top of his helmet and lifting him off his feet before POUNDING him repeatedly against the hardwood, WWF-style.

WOODY, BO AND OTHERS
(watching, cringing)
Oooh...

WOODY
Buzz, are you okay?!

BUZZ
(ever the optimist)
Got him right where I want him!

JESSIE
Attaboy, B.L.! Just keep that big hoser busy while I cut the juice!

Jessie leaps to Andy's bedpost, jumps down on the mattress like a trampoline, soars and grabs hold of the airplane suspended from the ceiling, then SWINGS like Tarzan to---

THE MOLDING ABOVE ANDY'S DOOR. She dangles a beat, then moves hand-over-hand toward the door jamb, swings out, drops--

JESSIE
(cont'd) Yeeee-haaaaa!

--and KICKS THE SWITCH with her boot, cutting the power and killing the vac. A CHEER, and as Buzz sits up, now free...

BUZZ
(sotto, smitten)
What a gal!

SARGEANT
Rescue and recovery! Let's roll!

Soldiers SWARM the disabled vac, four soldiers hopping on top and using a lincoln log (in a very Iwo-Jima-like pose) to pry open the spring-loaded cannister lid. A beat, and then...

The Squeeze Toy Aliens pop up their now-dusty heads.

ALIEN #1
Woah...

His sibling holds up some pink and blue "peg people."

ALIEN #2
..."Life" flashed before our eyes!

ALIEN #3
Again! Go again!

Mr. and Mrs. P-Head rush over to the cannister.

MR. POTATO HEAD
(wagging a finger)
No, no, no! No "go again!" What did your Mother tell you?!

MRS. P-HEAD
Aw c'mere, you little bubbleheads, and give mom-and-poppa-spud a hug!

And as they hop out and form a dusty group-hug...

Bo's sheep jump down, baaaa-ing and coughing up hair balls, followed by a dirty dozen soldiers, screeching monkeys, and the Troll Doll, now sporting dusty, crumb-laden DREADLOCKS.

Buzz and Jessie stroll back, Jessie holding Woody's boot.

JESSIE
Who's missing a Sheriff Woody boot?

She winks, tosses it to Woody...

WOODY
Thanks, Jess.

He pulls it on, winces, then yanks it off and dumps out an old, fuzzy CHEERIO before sliding it on again.

BO PEEP (O.S.)
And thank you, Woody...

Bo strolls up, her flock a step behind her.

BO PEEP (cont'd)
...for helping get my sheep back.

She leans over and kisses his cheek, Woody blushing.

WOODY
Shucks, Bo, don't thank me. Thank Jessie here, and Buzz.

BO PEEP
(eyes batting, flirty)
Thank you, Buzz.

As Bo leans in to give him a kiss, Jessie steps up...

JESSIE
Yep, good job, partner!

...and SLAPS Buzz on the back so hard it closes his helmet, Bo's lips hitting nothing but glass.

JESSIE (cont'd)
No need to thank us, Bo. C'mon, Space Ranger, we got a mess of monkeys to herd back into a barrel.

And as she all but drags him away...

Bo falls in step with Woody as he strolls back to the I-Mac.

BO PEEP
Gee Wood, never thought I'd say it, but I miss Mom's old upright. That new vacuum's not too toy-friendly.

WOODY
No, it's not. But y'know Bo, if there's one thing I've learned from being the longest running Sheriff in this little bedroom community, it's that we can't be afraid of what's new, we can't fear change.
We have to *embrace* change, because change is just a part of life.

HAMM
It's true, I live with it everyday.

He jiggles the loose CHANGE in his belly.

WOODY
Take Andy's computer here. Remember how worried we were that he'd spend all day playing a million online video games?

They watch as Hamm fires off the "Wishlist" e-mail, a computer-voice exclaiming "Mail Sent!"

WOODY (cont'd)
But now look. We've turned a major threat into a highly useful tool.
(beat, to Hamm)
Oh Hamm, that reminds me. Tomorrow we need to hit ebay and outbid Mom on that sold-out action-figure-set she's been trying to buy for Andy.

HAMM
Ebay manana. You got it, Woodrow.

Bo stops in her tracks, whirls on her hypocritical beau.

BO
Um, Woody? I'm curious. How is stopping Andy's mother from buying him a new toy "embracing change"?

WOODY

(busted, stumped)
Well, gosh... good question, Bo... (best defense is offense)
Which just goes to show you, if we keep each other on our toes and everyone pulls together, there's nothing we toys can't handle. And certainly nothing to stress about.

Etch turns away from the front window and bumps/taps Woody on the shoulder, Woody turning to see Etch has sketched an image of KIDS CARRYING PRESENTS followed by an EXCLAMATION POINT.

WOODY (cont'd)
Etch, I hope you're toying with me.

Woody whirls to the window and his eyes bug with panic as...

ON THE STREET BELOW-- a CARAVAN of mini-vans has pulled up, the Davis driveway now teaming with KIDS CARRYING PRESENTS.

WOODY (cont'd)
(stressed)
IT'S A PARTY!
(whirls, to room)
PARTY ALERT! THIS IS NOT A DRILL!

CHAOS ensues, toys everywhere scrambling in a panic. Buzz rushes to the window, using LEN the binoculars to see.

BINOC POV: The GIFT-WRAP on a present is cake and candles.

BUZZ
Visual confirmation! It's a birth-day party! I repeat, birthday!

WOODY
Birthday?! But Andy and Molly aren't due for months!

He runs over and eyes Andy's hanging WALL CALENDAR.

WOODY (cont'd)
Monday's a holiday--
(beat, turns to others)
Do kids get toys on Columbus Day?

Sarge steps up behind Woody and salutes.

SARGE
Bravo Co. reporting, sir! Shall we establish wireless surveillance?

INT. DAVIS' HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room's decorated with streamers and banners and quickly filling up with kids-- mainly BOYS around Andy's age.

As Andy's Mom tries to quiet and corral the young guests...

JENNIFER
Stay away from the windows. It's s'posed to be a surprise, remember?

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - SAME

Woody and gang eye a "KIDSAFE" wireless video BABY MONITOR showing a fish-eye b&w image of the room from above.

WOODY
Oh, it's a surprise all right.

Woody turns and talks into one end of a TIN-CAN PHONE-LINE, the taut fishing line "cord" leading into a HEATING GRATE.

WOODY (cont'd)
See if you can get a shot of gifts.

INT. HEATING DUCT - SAME

Behind a grate, a group of SOLDIERS re-aim the wireless "KIDSAFE" camera while others talk into the can on their end.

SOLDIER
Requesting shot of the gifts...

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - SAME

SOLDIER (O.S.)
(via tin-can... tinny)
...roger that, Mother Bird.

Rex, holding the tin-can for Woody, reacts.

REX
I can't believe Andy only got a "B" on this thing. It really works.

ON THE MONITOR... the image starts a slow pan of the room.

WOODY
Let's see if we can't spy what kind of gifts these kids are giving.

ON THE MONITOR... a GIFT TABLE comes into view.

WOODY (cont'd)
Bingo!

MR. POTATO HEAD
Bingo? What lame-o kid gives that?

WOODY
Relax, no one's getting any Bingo.

BUZZ
(squints at monitor)
No, but I think I do see... chess.

ON THE MONITOR: Yep, a CHESS SET set (bow in the middle) is on the gift table. Jessie wrinkles her nose.

JESSIE
Andy plays chess?

ON THE MONITOR... there's a golf club, festooned with ribbon.

HAMM
And a golf club! Pitching wedge.

SLINKY DOG
Andy golfs?

ON THE MONITOR... is a gift bag clearly containing a BOTTLE.

MRS. POTATO HEAD
And isn't that...champagne?

WOODY
(realizing, into tin-can)
Hey, it's an adult party! Adult party, soldiers! Stand down!

SOLDIERS (O.S., TIN-CAN)
Standing down!

And as the toys give a collective sigh of relief...

BUZZ
Whew, that's good news.

BO PEEP
But an adult party? For who...?

Suddenly, a CHEER goes up, loud enough to hear upstairs...

PARTY GUESTS (O.S.)
SUR-PRISE!

...followed by a rendition of "Happy Birthday".

PARTY GUESTS (cont'd)
...."Happy Birthday, Coach Daaave…"

Woody, Buzz, and Jessie trade quizzical looks.

BUZZ
Isn't that Andy's baseball coach?

JESSIE
Yeah... but Andy's last game was well over a month ago.

ZURG
So why are they throwing a party for him?

Woody thinks a beat, plays a hunch.

WOODY
(into his tin-can phone)
Give me a shot of the birthday boy.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

The song ends, kids whoop, and DAVE (30's, handsome) turns and gives a grateful side-by-side hug to hostess Jennifer.

But as his hand slides south and gives Mom a more-than- friendly-behind-the-back-so-the-kids-can't-see caress...

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - SAME

The toys see this move on the monitor. As eyebrows rise...

ANDY'S TOYS
Hmmm…

A SONG begins. Probably by Randy Newman and suggesting that something's happening here, change is coming, love is in the air, or all of the above, and it plays over this MONTAGE:

EXT. DAVIS HOME - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Andy holds the ladder as Dave works mounting a BASKETBALL HOOP and BACKBOARD to the roof over the garage/driveway.

And as Buzz, Woody, and Jessie watch from Andy's window (and Mom and Molly from the lawn), Andy and Dave reward their hard work with a little game of one-on-one.

INT. ANDY AND MOLLY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Rex watches from a pile of toys (left in the tub) as manly Dave uses a PLUNGER to unplug the kids' stopped-up toilet.

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - DAY

Andy's gone and his room's alive with toy-activity as a DELIVERY VAN pulls up outside. Jessie tugs Woody's arm and points, both turning to see FLOWERS are being delivered...

EXT. DAVIS HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

Dave pushes Molly on a swing. But she happens to be holding SLINKY DOG's head (and not his tail), so poor Slink stretches back and forth with every swing to and fro.

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Andy sits at his I-Mac, IM'ing with his new best friend.

ON SCREEN: CubsfanAndy: *Hi Coach!* Dave1968: *Hey sport!*

INT. DAVIS DINING ROOM - DAY

Mom brings a CASSEROLE to the table as (ever-manly) Dave enters from the porch with a platter of just-grilled meat. And as he flips the trailing BUSTER a still-smokin' scrap...

EXT. DAVIS SIDE-YARD - NIGHT

A crisp, twinkly night. Mom and (a yawning) Molly watch from a window in Molly's room as Dave trains a TELESCOPE on the moon. And as Andy eyes his first, up close, LUNAR ECLIPSE...

ONE WINDOW OVER-- Buzz watches from Andy's room, beaming.

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - DAY

Mom enters to find Dave and Andy doing HOMEWORK on his Mac. But as soon as Mom turns and leaves the room again... Dave and Andy pull out JOYSTICKS and battle in a video game.

INT. MOLLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dave reads Molly a BEDTIME STORY as Mom (and Bo Peep and Jessie, up on one of Molly's shelves) look on, impressed.

INT. DAVIS KITCHEN - DAY

Mom flips through an envelope of some just-developed PHOTOS. She pulls out a picture taken at the ZOO of Dave flanked by a smiling Molly and Andy. She smiles, then uses a magnet to mount the photo prominently on the face of the family fridge.

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

With Andy asleep in his moonlit bed, Woody, Bo, Buzz, Jess, and the P-Heads gather at the window to watch Jennifer walk Dave out to the driveway and his car. Then their silhouettes come together for a romantic, goodnight kiss and...

The moment's contagious. Bo snuggles to Woody, Mr. P-Head busses his wife, and Buzz, standing beside Jess, nonchalantly pops a WING up behind her, as if trying to put an arm around her. But as she shoots him a look and his wing retracts...

END MONTAGE but stay on the WINDOW POV as it DISSOLVES TO:

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - DAY

...and Molly and Andy are now playing in the driveway as Dave's familiar SUV pulls up to the curb. Andy yells...

ANDY
Mooommmm! Dave is here!

...and Buzz and Woody enter frame, watching from the window as Andy rushes to the curb to greet his new best friend.

ANDY (cont'd)
Hey bud!

Woody and Buzz smile and sigh, both feeling the moment.

WOODY
D'ja see that? How Andy gets when Dave comes around? He just glows.

BUZZ
Like a supernova.

JESSIE
I gotta admit, before Dave came around, I never really gave much thought to everything Andy was missing not having a Dad around.

Slinky shimmies up beside 'em.

SLINKY DOG

A Dad? You really think Dave and Andy's Mom will... walk the aisle?

BUZZ

Let's hope so, Slink. Every boy needs a good man in his life.

They watch as Dave picks Andy up by the armpits, twirls him.

WOODY

And Dave is really good. With Andy, and Molly, and to their Mom. It's almost too good to be true.

But just as the words leave Woody's lips...

EXT. DAVIS HOME - STREET OUT FRONT - SAME

Dave pulls his SUV door open to reveal a sullen 9-year old girl with a school BACKPACK and a rather ironic name.

DAVE

Andy, this is my daughter, Sunny.

And as Andy and Sunny trade "heys"...

INT. ANDY'S ROOM

Woody looks stunned...

WOODY

Dave has a daughter?

...but Bo and Jessie whoop and bump fists.

JESSIE/BO PEEP

A daughter? Yee-haa! Girl power!

BO PEEP

Finally, someone to play with us!

BUZZ

What're you two talking about? You two have Molly.

JESSIE

And we love Molly, but for pete's sake, Lightyear, she's only two.

BO PEEP

A gal can only take so much drool.

EXT. DAVIS HOME - DRIVEWAY - SAME

Sunny and Andy size each other up.

ANDY
You’re nine, huh?

SUNNY
Nine and a quarter. You?

ANDY
Seven and... some quarters.

SUNNY
You’re kinda short for seven.

DAVE
Sunny--

JENNIFER (O.S.)
Hey there!

Here comes Jennifer, Molly in tow.

JENNIFER (cont’d)
Hi, Sunny! Nice to see you again.

SUNNY
(not a huge fan)
Hi...

JENNIFER
I see you’ve met Andy. And this is Andy’s little sister, Molly.

SUNNY
(gives a little smile)
Hi, Molly.

JENNIFER
Well, supper’s not quite ready, so Andy, why don’t you take Sunny upstairs and show her your room?

Dave pulls Sunny’s backpack from the van, tosses it to her.

DAVE
And Sun, maybe you can show Andy your “Mister Minutia” system...

And as the two start up the drive toward the house...

ANDY
Your Mister what?

SUNNY
(eye roll, under breath)
Something my Dad thinks will help with my grades.

...Woody watches from the window and sounds the alarm.

WOODY
They're coming! Places, people!

Everyone scatters around the room to their last position, and as they all do the old flop'n'freeze...

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Sunny drops her BACKPACK on the desk beside the I-Mac as Andy gestures to his room with pride.

ANDY
Well, this is it. My room.

SUNNY
(underwhelmed)
I have two bedrooms. One at my Mom's, and one at my Dad's.

She picks up a photo of his LITTLE LEAGUE TEAM-- a beaming Andy and Team Mom Jennifer flanking a grinning Coach Dave.

ANDY
Hey, how come you never came to any of our games?

SUNNY
Because sports are dumb. And I was with my Mom on game days. I only see my Dad like twice a week...

She puts the picture down and picks up Jessie.

SUNNY (cont'd)
(teasing)
Aww, is this your little dolly?

ANDY
Uh… no. Her name's Jessie. She kind of hangs around with Woody.

He pulls Woody off his bed, pulls his string.

WOODY (VOICE BOX)
Smoke signals! Circle the wagons!

SUNNY
Weird.

ANDY
He's not weird, he's just... old.
Woody used to be my Dad's toy.
(matter-of-factly)
I don't have a Dad anymore.

SUNNY
I know. My Dad said.

Sunny suddenly feels for him. She shifts gears, now upbeat.

SUNNY (cont'd)
Hey-- I've got something old too.
You know what an heirloom is?

ANDY
Is it... kinda like an air guitar?

SUNNY
Uh, *no*, it's something that's been in your family for a while. Like your weird cowboy doll.
(unzips her backpack)
Anyway, we had to bring an heirloom to class to talk about it, so I--

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP-BEEP! A SMOKE ALARM chirps downstairs.

SUNNY (cont'd)
What the heck's that?

DAVE (O.S.)
(coming from front yard) Coming throoooough...!

Sunny and Andy rush to the window as Dave, wearing oven mitts, races outside holding a flaming tray of meatloaf.

SUNNY/ANDY
Fire! Cool!

They turn and bolt downstairs. A BEAT, then the toys react.

WOODY
(to Buzz, bothered)
Hear that? Andy said I'm "old."

MRS. POTATO HEAD
And the girl called you weird.

MR. POTATO HEAD
Twice.

JESSIE
She should talk. For someone named Sunny she's awfully gloomy.

SUNNY'S OLD DOLL
(O.S.)
I heard that!

A VINTAGE DOLL pops out of Sunny's backpack. She's porcelain, from the 40's, and looks very Bette Davis.

SUNNY'S OLD DOLL (cont'd)
No one talks about my kid that way!

BUZZ
Hi, you must be Sunny's doll.

SUNNY'S OLD DOLL
(whirls toward him)
Oooh, you're good, Captain Obvious.

BUZZ
Actually, it's Commander Lightyear--

She hops from the backpack onto Andy's desk.

SUNNY'S OLD DOLL
Of *course* I'm her doll! Just like I was her mother's doll and her grandmother's doll before that!

HAMM
(to Woody)
See? Now *that's* old.

SUNNY'S OLD DOLL
Old and wise, and as matriarch and leader of Sunny's toys, I can cat-egorically state *we do not approve*!

WOODY
We?

Behind her, D.D., a latina "Bratz" style doll (think J. Lo) in hot-pants, platforms, a halter, and bangles jumps out...

D.D.
You tell 'em, *mi'ja!*

...followed by TWO MORE toys: "MR. MINUTIA", a portable DVD PLAYER (small LCD monitor on chest) made to look like a PROFESSOR with beard, glasses, robe, mortar-board and tassle.

MR. MINUTIA

The term “mi’ja” being spanish slang meaning “my sister.”

His lackey-- a round, plastic school-boy-like DISC CARRIER we’ll call JUNIOR-- whips open his coat/compartment like a flasher to reveal scores of “Mister Minutia” DVD’s.

JUNIOR

He’s got a million of ‘em!

Andy’s toys blink, slaw-jawed. Then Buzz gets back on point.

BUZZ

You don’t approve? Of what?

The Old Doll walks up to Buzz and gets right in his face.

SUNNY’S OLD DOLL

Of you, these toys, of *any* of this!

Suddenly, REX leaps down from a shelf, claws and fangs bared.

RE
X ROAAAAAR-
-!

Sunny’s Doll, taken completely by surprised, SCREAMS...

SUNNY’S OLD DOLL

Aaaaahhh---!

...AND FALLS OFF THE EDGE OF ANDY’S DESK, HER PORCELAIN HEAD HITTING THE FLOOR AND SHATTERING INTO DOZENS OF PIECES.

The toys GASP. Rex stares down at the floor, stunned.

REX

...oops...
(then, panicked)
I didn’t mean to do it! I was just trying to surprise her!

Sunny’s three other toys jump down and surround what’s left of the old biddy (not much). D.D. looks up at Andy’s toys.

D.D.

Someone’s gonna pay for this.

HAMM

(jingling his change)
That’d be me. What’s the damage?

WOODY

Hamm--

D.D.

It ain't about money, *puerco*!

MR. MINUTIA

I believe D.D. here is referring to the ancient Mesopotamian code of Hammurabi, which essentially says--
(turns to Junior) Tell 'em, Junior.

Junior picks up one of the old doll's marble-like eyes.

Junior

"An eye for an eye!"

REX

A trade! Great! That's do-able!

He turns and PLUCKS AN EYE from Mr. Potato Head's face.

MR. POTATO HEAD

Hey--!

REX

(to Potato Head)
Y'know, I really think her eye will look great on you. It blinks and has eyelashes and everything!

MR. POTATO HEAD

(swipes his eye back)
No one's swapping any eyes!

BUZZ

Look-- D.D. is it? We can all see you're upset about your friend--

D.D.

She wasn't exactly my friend. But we're talking about justice here.

WOODY

Well in this town, stranger, <u>I'm</u> the justice, and what <u>I</u> say goes.

D.D.

Chill out, Howdy Doody. This is between us and that crazy lizard.

JESSIE

He *happens* to be a dinosaur. And can't you see he's sorry?

Behind her, Rex is shaking like a leaf.

MRS. POTATO HEAD
Look at him, he’s a nervous Rex!

D.D.
Well I’d be nervous too, if I was about to become extinct.

WOODY
(exasperated, to D.D)
Okay, enough with the threats! Look, D.D. and...
(reading Minutia’s label)
Mister Min...ooo...tye..ay...

MR. MINUTIA
(annoyed)
It’s “Min-oosh-ah.”

WOODY
Whatever! What happened here with Rex wasn’t deliberate, it was an accident. It’s as simple as that.

JUNIOR
An accident...

WOODY
Yes! Do we have to spell it out for you?!

MR. SPELL steps up, letters scrolling as he speaks.

MR. SPELL
A...C...C...I...

WOODY
(whirls, snaps)
Mr. Spell, you’re not helping!

Suddenly, BUSTER bursts into the room, barking an alarm.

JESSIE
Buster, buddy, what’s up?

SLINKY DOG
(apparently speaks dog)
The kids are coming!

WOODY
Back to your places, people! Move!

Andy’s toys rush back to their positions. D.D., Minutia, and Junior start climbing back into Sunny’s backpack.

D.D.
This ain't over, cowboy.

And as she drops down into the pack...

Buzz, Woody, and Rex mull what to do with the broken doll.

BUZZ
Oh boy. Wait'll Sunny sees this.

REX
What're we gonna do?

WOODY
It was an accident, right? So we'll make sure it looks like one.
(turns to dog, sing-song) Oh, Bus-ter...?

And as Buster cocks his head, all ears...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ANDY'S - CONTINUOUS

Sunny and Andy approach the bedroom door.

ANDY
Can't believe my Mom burned dinner.

SUNNY
Yeah, pretty lame. I don't think my Mom has ever burned a dinn--

She stops as they open Andy's door to find--

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--Buster is shaking and dragging Sunny's backpack around the room, spilling its contents all over Andy's floor.

SUNNY
Hey, my backpack...!

Buster starts to scarf down a half-eaten sandwich.

ANDY
Buster, stop! Drop it!

He yanks the food away, Sunny picking up her backpack.

ANDY (cont'd)
(wagging finger at Buster)
No! What's the matter with you?

SUNNY
He must've smelled my old lunch...

Now Andy notices the shattered doll lying near the desk.

ANDY
Uh-oh. What's that?

SUNNY
Oh, no! It's a doll...
(kneels, picks up pieces)
I mean it *was* a doll. She must have broke when he pulled my pack off your desk. She's ruined...

ANDY
Buster, you are so busted!
(then, to Sunny)
I'm really sorry.

Sunny starts to gather the broken pieces...

SUNNY
It's okay. She was old, and I never played with her anyway.

..and put them back into her backpack.

SUNNY (cont'd)
Though my Mom's gonna have a cow. She was all set to sell her to some antique-toy-buyer-guy named Al.

They turn as Mom calls to them from downstairs.

JENNIFER (O.S.)
Hey kids! Pizza or Chinese?

ANDY/SUNNY
Pizza!/Chinese!

JENNIFER (O.S.)
Molly picked pizza, so majority rules. Grab a coat, Andy...

DAVE (O.S.)
...and grab your stuff, Sun. This playdate's moving to *Pizza Planet*!

ANDY/SUNNY
(heading out)
Pizza Planet! All right! Yuck...

The kids leave, and after the obligatory beat...

The toys come alive, outraged.

MR. POTATO HEAD

Can you believe those goons? It's like they came here looking for a fight. Asking for trouble.

JESSIE

Well if it's trouble they want, then it's trouble they'll get!

On a shelf behind her, the game "Trouble" pops up, alarmed.

WOODY

Relax, Trub, she didn't mean you.

REX

No, because it's me they want!

BUZZ

Rex, calm down--

REX

Calm down? I'm a marked man-eater! You guys don't know what it's like to have a price put on your head!

WHEEZY

Sure I do. 50 cents at that last garage sale, can you believe it? Half-a-stinking simoleon!

WOODY

Rex, look around you. It's just us now, the other toys are gone.

REX

Sure, 'til the next playdate and--

WOODY

Who says there's gonna be more playdates? You heard what Sunny said, she and her toys spend most of their time at her Mom's place.

Hamm's at the window, watching as Andy and Sunny head to the driveway and the Davis family's mini-van.

HAMM

Yeah, so for all we know, this is the last we'll ever see of them.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - SAME

Dave, holding Molly, slides the doors open to the mini-van, and as Andy and Sunny hop in...

DAVE

Don’t forget to buckle up.

...Jennifer walks up holding various colored SOMBREROS.

JENNIFER

Or to wear your hats...!

SUNNY

Sombreros? What’re those for?

DAVE

(passing out hats)
Well, we were going to announce this over dinner...

JENNIFER

...but since that plan went up in smoke, we may as well tell you now.

DAVE

You know your Thanksgiving break that’s coming up next week? Well, we thought it’d be fun if we all took a trip together.

JENNIFER

To Dave and Sunny’s time-share down in Mexico!

ANDY

Are you serious?

DAVE

On the beach for seven sunny days!

ANDY

All right!!

SUNNY

(less than thrilled)
We’re gonna stay the whole week?

ANDY

Can I bring some of my toys?

JENNIFER

As many as you can pack.

ANDY

YES. Mexico rocks!

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - SAME

The toys react, concerned.

BUZZ

A vacation...

WOODY

...with Miss Sunshine and her toys?

And from their collective GROAN, CUT TO:

THE ROAR of an "Aztec Air" JETLINER, winging its way south.

EXT. AIRPORT AT CANCUN, MEXICO - DAY

Festive LATIN MUSIC plays as the jet touches down in this tropical land and and taxis toward the terminal.

EXT. TERMINAL - BAGGAGE CLAIM - SAME

Conveyor belts carry luggage toward Baggage Claim, including a zippered, soft-sided bag with a tag marked "Andy Davis."

INT. ANDY'S SUITCASE - CONTINUOUS

Buzz presses his red-laser-light to illuminate the interior, revealing Woody, Jess, Rex, and the Potato Heads made the trip. He gingerly crawls over and around them...

BUZZ

'Scuse me, coming through. Sorry, but I really need to take a peek.

MRS. POTATO HEAD

Since when can a Buzz doll do that?

MR. POTATO HEAD

Relax, he said take a "peek."

Buzz stands atop a Nerf football and peeks out of a GAP at the top of the suitcase zipper.

BUZZ'S POV: They're heading for the luggage chute, the bags in front of them dropping and sliding from sight.

BUZZ
Uh-oh. Brace for rapid descent.

They suddenly all TILT and PITCH together.

ANDY'S TOYS
Wooooooahhh...!

WHAM! They hit the bottom of the chute, bonking heads.

ANDY'S TOYS (cont'd)
...OOOOFF...!

WOODY
Man, I hate baggage claim!

JESSIE
Who cares? We're here! *Mek-ee-ko!*

MRS. POTATO HEAD
A whole week in tropical paradise!

MR. POTATO HEAD
A whole week without the kids!

They pluck their mouths off, put 'em together for a kiss.

REX
(to Buzz, back at the gap)
What else you see out there? Any sign of that girl and her toys?

BUZZ
Nope. Just lots of luggage... lots of people... and lots of signs, all written in some kind of code.

WOODY
(rolls eyes))
It's called "spanish", Buzz. And could you move and let a little natural light in? I'm dying here.

BUZZ
(doesn't appreciate that)
Y'know Woodrow, for someone who's supposed to be a range-roaming cowboy, you're a terrible traveler.

JESSIE
I'll say. He's been in a bad mood since the moment Andy packed us.

WOODY

(snaps, crabby)
I hate being in a bag, okay? I like scenery, and sunshine! And if Dave and his daughter hadn't insisted on carrying-on their bag, we would've been inside the plane instead of that girl's mean toys!

The Potato Heads turn to each other, sotto.

MRS. POTATO HEAD

Talk about "carrying-on"...

MR. POTATO HEAD

He's earning frequent crier miles.

And as they giggle to themselves...

ANDY'S VOICE fades up in the din.

ANDY (O.S.)

Cool! My bag's right there!

EXT. BAGGAGE CLAIM - SAME

Andy, Molly, Jennifer, Dave, and Sunny collect bags, Dave pulling Andy's off and dropping it down beside him.

DAVE

There you go, sport!

ANDY

Thanks, Dave!

He kneels, unzips his bag, and pulls out Buzz and Woody.

ANDY (cont'd)

Hola, Buzz! Bienvenidos, Woody!

Molly gurgles and points, so Mom pulls out Jessie.

JENNIFER

Y Jessie, como estas?

And as cynical Sunny, watching behind them, rolls her eyes...

EXT. THE TERMINAL - CURBSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Sunny, steamy, teaming with tourists. Amidst the chaos...

Dave pushes a loaded LUGGAGE CART, Jen pushes Mol's stroller, and Andy and Sunny tag behind, Andy still playing with Buzz and Woody. They wind their way over to...

A JEEP marked "Playa Maya Resort." Dave greets the DRIVER, then both men start loading the bags on the rooftop RACK.

ANDY
(walking up, toys in hand)
Dave, how soon can we boogie-board?

DAVE
(loading bags)
Well, our condo's a quick drive. We'll unpack, grab lunch and then we can all hit the beach.

ANDY
Awesome!

Jennifer finishes putting Molly's car seat in the jeep. But as she turns back to get her, she sees she's holding Jessie.

JENNIFER
Mol, Andy, let's put all your toys back now and buckle up, please.

ANDY
Mom, my bag's on the roof already!

DAVE
(reaching for the toys)
Give 'em here, Andy. I'll stick them in my and Sunny's carry-on.

He takes the toys from Andy and unzips the bag, revealing (among many things) D.D., Minutia, and Junior lying in wait. And as Dave drops Buzz, Woody, and Jessie inside...

INT. ANDY'S BAG - ATOP THE JEEP'S ROOF

Mr. P-Head holds one of his eyes up to the gap, sees this.

MR. POTATO HEAD
Yikes! Coach just put Buzz, Jess, and Woody in with that girl's toys!

REX
What do you think they'll do?!

MRS. POTATO HEAD
You heard 'em. "An eye for an eye."

REX

Eye-yi-yi! This is all my fault!

MR. POTATO HEAD

Well then stop being such a whine-o-saur and go do something about it!

EXT. CURBSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Dave tosses their bag to the Driver, who straps it to the roof rack with a bungee cord. Then he hops down, cranks the engine, and the jeep pulls out into the airport traffic.

EXT. ON THE ROAD - MOVING WITH THE JEEP

It follows a sign “A Las Playas”, then turns down a two-lane road cutting through the Yucatan rain-forest, picking up speed as it bumps along the remote, pot-holed highway...

INT. SUNNY AND DAVE’S CARRY-ON - SAME

Dark in here. Quiet too, except for the engine, the sound of rushing wind and the occasional JOLT of a pothole. Then...

Mr. Minutia’s LCD screen fades up, casting an eery glow.

MR. MINUTIA

(trying to sound spooky) So... we meet again.

WOODY

(polite, diplomatic) Please don’t start with us, okay? We’re just here to play with Andy.

D.D.

(oozing with ‘tude) Well good luck squeezing in a playdate, old timer, now that he’s got his new best friend Dave.

JESSIE

Y’know, I don’t like your tone.

JUNIOR

That’s okay, we don’t like you.

MR. MINUTIA

Or your boy.

WOODY

(incredulous)
How can anyone not like our Andy?

D.D.

Easy, when your Andy is keeping our Sunny from being with her Dad.

WOODY

What?! That's it. I'm outta here.

He stands up, leaving Jess and Buzz bewildered.

BUZZ

You're... leaving?

WOODY

(nearly at his limit)
Buzz, I've been in a bag all day! And I'm not gonna spend the next half hour in this bag, arguing with some little girl's crazy toys!

He reaches up, fishes the zipper-pull out of the gap.

JESSIE

But Woody, you gotta be back here when they open up the bag!

WOODY

(reaching his limit)
I know the rules, Jess, thank you. I'm just gonna unzip it, stretch my legs, and get a little sun and fresh air, is that okay?! Is it OKAY if I try to have one ME MOMENT today without any kind of drama?

He unzips the flap, throws it back, stands, and--

REX (O.S.)

ROARRR--!

REX leaps into frame and--- WHAM! He KNOCKS WOODY OUT OF THE BAG and sends him sprawling out onto the roof rack.

WOODY

Wooooahhh...!

He and Rex land in a HEAP between two bags. Woody jumps up.

WOODY (cont'd)
Rex! What're you trying to do?!

REX

(getting up)
Save you...? From those mean toys?

WOODY

I'm fine! We're all fine! Now get your tail back into Andy's bag! It's dangerous to be out here!

Rex nods and slinks off. Woody turns to Buzz and Jess.

WOODY (cont'd)
Honestly, Rex and this roaring thing've become a big pain in the--

BUMP! A POTHOLE SENDS WOODY FLYING OFF THE ROOF.

WOODY (cont'd)
--aaaahhh!

JESSIE/BUZZ
Woody!

Woody LUNGES and grabs the CARRY-ON SUITCASE HANDLE. And as he dangles off the back of the speeding SUV...

BACK AT ANDY'S BAG-- Rex spins, sees this.

REX
Oh no!

As do the Potato Heads, popping up from the bag.

MRS. POTATO HEAD
This is how you save our friends?

MR. POTATO HEAD
Nice going, walnut brain!

IN SUNNY'S BAG-- Buzz and Jessie pop up, lean out.

JESSIE
You okay, Woody?!

BUZZ
Try to pull yourself up!

Woody swings a boot up against the luggage rack. But as he pulls on the carry-on's collapsible handle for leverage--

It TELESCOPES OUT, leaving him *farther* away and DANGLING OVER THE HIGHWAY, the white lines passing so fast they're a blur.

WOODY
Someone make a plan, please...!

JESSIE
Buzz, find something he can grab!

Buzz nods and starts looking around, as...

IN ANDY'S BAG-- Rex and the P-Heads yell encouragement.

REX/THE POTATO HEADS
Hang on! Don't worry! It's okay!

Buzz comes back holding a hooked-end BUNGEE CORD.

BUZZ
Use this! It's perfect!

JESSIE
Great! Leave it to me, partner!

Jessie swings it like a lasso, lets it fly, and--

PERFECT SHOT. Woody grabs the hook, lets go of the handle, drops and BUNGEES BACK UP, landing right in the carry-on.

And as Andy's toys WHOOP and celebrate the

rescue... Sunny's toys just stand there, looking

smug.

D.D.
Get enough fresh air there, cowboy?

WOODY
(ignores her, to Jess)
Nice throw, Jess!
(holds up bungee cord)
And where'd you find this, Buzz?

BUZZ
(points over his shoulder)
Right up there. Stretched tautly across the rack and this suitcase.
(blinks, clueless)
Why?

BUMP! A POTHOLE starts the now-loose suitcase SLIDING.

WOODY
Hang on!

All six toys inside BRACE THEMSELVES as their open-topped suitcase SLIDES OVER THE EDGE LIKE A ROLLER-COASTER CAR.

THE TOYS

Aaaaaahhhhh...!

WHAM! The bag hits the highway upright, its metal grommets sparking as it skips and spins across the pavement, finally coming to rest on the edge of the highway's dirt shoulder.

A stunned Woody watches the Jeep continue on its way.

WOODY

How could they not hear that?!

INT. THE SPEEDING "PLAYA MAYA" SUV

"La Bamba" blasts on the jeep's radio, the driver and his festive passengers all singing along, oblivious.

EXT. ATOP THE ROOF - IN ANDY'S ZIPPED-OPEN BAG

The P-Heads and Rex watch the stranded toys grow smaller and smaller in the distance.

REX/THE POTATO HEADS

Buzz! Jessie! Woody--!

MRS. POTATO HEAD

(whirls on her husband)
Well don't just stand there like a Couch Potato! Do something!

MR. POTATO HEAD

So much for a relaxing vacation...!

And as he starts to (carefully) climb out of the bag...

EXT. THE HIGHWAY - SAME

The six toys watch the SUV drops from sight. A BEAT, as they all stand up in the bag and take an ominous look around them.

They're in the middle of the road. In the middle of a jungle. In the middle, really, of nowhere. Buzz hops from the suitcase to the pavement and looks around, hands on hips.

BUZZ

We're lost.

MR. MINUTIA

Captain Obvious strikes again!

JESSIE

(hops out, to Minutia)
Hey, you two-bit tutor! We're only in this mess because of you!

JUNIOR

Because of him?

WOODY

(joining Buzz and Jessie)
Because of all of you! If you hadn't threatened us, Rex wouldn't have come to save me, and then I wouldn't have fallen, and then--

D.D

(whirls, points at Buzz)
Then Commander Bubblehead here wouldn't have caused all of us to slide off and get left behind!

And as Sunny's toys turn and scowl at Buzz...

BUZZ

(hopeful)
Hey-- what about Rex and the Potato Heads? They know we're here!

MR. MINUTIA

Wonderful! Let's pin our hopes on an emotionally fragile dinosaur and two hollow-headed tubers.

JUNIOR

Not exactly a brain trust.

EXT. THE ROOF OF THE SPEEDING JEEP

Mrs. Potato Head eyes the road ahead, then pulls another bungee cord off another bag and turns to her partners.

MRS. POTATO HEAD

NOW!

Rex and Mr. P-Head SHOVE A BAG OFF THE SIDE OF THE RACK--.

EXT. THE HIGHWAY - SAME

--and RIGHT IN THE PATH OF AN ONCOMING RENTAL CAR.

HONNNNK-HONNNNNK...! It SWERVES and SKIDS off the road to avoid it, spinning-out on the highway's dirt shoulder.

INT. THE "PLAYA MAYA" JEEP

Everyone turns toward the commotion.

JENNIFER
Stop! We lost a bag!

And as the driver hits the brakes...

EXT. THE ROOF OF THE "PLAYA MAYA" JEEP - SAME

Mission accomplished! The toys whoop, high-five, and zip themselves back into Andy's bag. The jeep turns around...

EXT. THE HIGHWAY - SAME

...and stops, Jennifer heading for the bag that fell on the shoulder, Dave climbing up to eye the roof rack.

DAVE
Oh no! Where's my carry-on?

EXT. THE HIGHWAY'S SHOULDER - SAME

It's here, Dave. Surrounded by six stranded toys.

WOODY
Well, the bright news in this otherwise grim situation is this:
(puts an arm around Buzz)
You've got us. Two highly experienced veterans.

MR. MINUTIA
Veterans?

BUZZ
Affirmative. Me and Woody have found ourselves lost many, many times.

WOODY
But since we keep cool and never panic, we always make it home.

JESSIE
'Course, last time you two weren't lost in the middle of the jungle, in a foreign-speaking country, over 3,000 miles away from that home.

Buzz and Woody consider this a beat. Then--

WOODY/BUZZ
(panicking, hysterical)
Oh, we are LOST, people! SO lost!

WOODY
Poor Andy! Losing his three favorite toys all at once!

BUZZ
And just as we told Granny to send books!

WOODY/BUZZ
Ohhh nooo! What have we done?!

An ear-splitting WHISTLE turns their heads. It's D.D.

D.D.
Listen up, boy-toys! You better chill out 'cause pretty soon someone's gonna drive by, sees us, grab us, and we'll be lost forever.

JESSIE
(looking o.s.)
And "pretty soon" is right now!

They turn and look. A VEHICLE is coming their way, fast. Woody turns and eyes the LUSH FOLIAGE beyond the shoulder.

WOODY
C'mon! Let's roll this thing into those bushes! Three to a side!

Like a six-toy-mule team, they assemble on both sides of the telescoping handle, Woody and D.D. at the head.

WOODY (cont'd)
(a Wagon Train leader)
Baggage... ho!

They pull with all their might. Can't budge it.

BUZZ
(struggling)
What...exactly's... in this thing?

MR. MINUTIA
School books, make-up, pre-teen magazines, vapid boy-band CD's--

JESSIE
(sees the problem)
No wonder! The wheels are broke!

Sure enough, the plastic wheels have cracked in the fall.

Woody turns. That vehicle's coming fast.

WOODY
Well, if Samsonite won't go the jungle, the jungle'll come to him!

INT. THE SPEEDING "PLAYA MAYA" JEEP - SAME

They're racing back in the direction they just came. The kids sitting up, watching the road ahead, concerned.

ANDY
Mom, Buzz and Woody are in that bag.
(Molly gurgles something)
And Jessie, too.

SUNNY
And so is my D.D. doll.

DAVE
(eyes on the road ahead)
We'll find it. Everyone keep your eyes open. It can't be that far.

And as they race toward an inconspicuous clump of leaves...

EXT. THE SHOULDER OF THE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Our six toys crouch in the half-zipped suitcase, peeking between the gap of their banana-leaf canopy as...

ZOOM! The "Playa Maya" jeep blows past, the faces of their forlorn families flying by in a blur. The lost toys gape.

BUZZ
That was them.

And as they all shoot Captain Obvious a look...

ROAR! A "Yucatan Tours" BUS races by, its "wake" blowing the camouflage off and leaving the bag and toys exposed.

WOODY
Everyone down!

They quickly drop and zip themselves into the bag, because--

Another vehicle-- a fancy 4X4 PICK-UP-- is heading their way.

INT. DAMON'S LUXURY TRUCK - SAME

Two men, a dapper Brit named DAMON and a plump local named TITO race along, Damon at the wheel and on a rant.

DAMON

Another day lost, replacing supplies! This can't go on, we can't keep waking up to find our camp has been ransacked. So tonight, we shall sleep in shifts.

TITO

Okay, Senor Damon, if that is what it takes to finish this job. Two weeks we have searched, and still nothing.

DAMON

Well Tito, that's just how these things go. Just when you think you'll never find anything...

He squints at the road ahead, and THE BAG on the shoulder.

DAMON (cont'd)

...your luck can change.

EXT. THE HIGHWAY - SECONDS LATER

SCREECH! The luxury truck skids to a halt beside the bag. Damon and Tito step out, look around, approach it.

TITO

Es de una turista?

Damon shuts the telescoping handle, turns the bag upright.

DAMON

Make that a very unhappy turista.

He eyes the cracked wheels and various scratches.

DAMON (cont'd)

Must've fallen from their vehicle.

He picks it up and a paper LUGGAGE TAG dangles from its underside, frayed from the friction of the fall, but legible.

DAMON (cont'd)

Hmm. What do you make of this?

Tito eyes the tag, its information scrawled in ballpoint:

"DAVID ROGERS" C/O Playa Maya Resort. Cell: (555) 437-3711"

TITO
(a shrug and a smile)
"El que lo encuentra, se lo queda."

DAMON
(grins back)
My thoughts *exactamente.*

Damon turns and opens the window/hatch of the pick-up's SHELL, drops the bag inside, and locks the latch.

DAMON (cont'd)
See? Our luck's changing already.

And as they hop back in the truck and screech away...

INT. THE PICK-UP TRUCK'S SHELL - SAME

The toys wait a beat before zipping open a corner of the bag. Woody's eye appears, looks around...

WOODY
All clear.

The others unzip, sit up, look around. They're surrounded by some "supermercado" bags filled with food and other supplies.

Buzz hops out and immediately tries to turn the latch from the inside. But unfortunately, it's...

BUZZ
Locked.

They all JOSTLE now as...

EXT. THE HIGHWAY - SAME

The pick-up pulls onto a single-lane paved highway that leads up into the Yucatan rain-forest. Woody looks out a window.

WOODY
And I'm guessing we're not heading for the beach.

D.D.
(shakes her head, solemn)
Wouldn't matter if we were. Not after what I heard those guys say.

JESSIE

Heck that's right-- you speak spanish. What'd the man say?

D.D.

(with a sigh)
"El que lo encuentra, se lo queda." In other words, "finders keepers...

WOODY

...losers weepers"?

And from all of the toys' worried looks, CUT TO:

EST. SHOT - THE "PLAYA MAYA" RESORT - DAY

A large time-share resort overlooking a picturesque beach.

EXT. THE RESORT LOBBY AREA - SAME

Jen and the kids (looking pretty weepy) wait by the bags as Dave fills out a form for the RESORT MANAGER at Check-In.

RESORT MANAGER

My sincerest apologies, senor. We have never had even one bag come loose like this, much less two.

DAVE

It's okay. But on top of my stuff, it also had some of the kids'toys, so I'm really hoping it turns up.

RESORT MANAGER

Well if it doesn't, our insurance can compensate you. Just be sure to list the items and their value.

Dave hands him the clipboard back...

DAVE

I just did. And you might notice, one item is particularly valuable.

...he points with the pen. The Manager swallows, hard.

MANAGER

10,000? I hope you mean pesos.

DAVE

(grimace
) Dollars.

MANAGER

Aye-yi-yi...

DAVE

Yeah, so you can see how important it is that I find that bag.

And as the Manager gives a nervous smile and nod...

ACROSS THE LOBBY - SECONDS LATER

Dave rejoins the others, Jen turning to him, hopeful.

JENNIFER

What'd they say?

DAVE

Not much to say. If it doesn't show up, they'll cut us a check.

ANDY

(confused)
A check? Mom, you can't just go out and buy another Buzz or Woody.

SUNNY

And my D.D. knows all my secrets.

Andy's eyes start to well again; Sunny's lower lip trembles. Jennifer kneels and puts a hand on each of their shoulders.

JENNIFER

Don't worry, kids. The good news is, there was a tag on the bag.

DAVID

With my cell number on it and the name of this resort. So who knows? Maybe someone already found it, and your toys are on their way here.

And from that overly optimistic statement, a SONG BEGINS...

EXT. THE YUCATAN RAINFOREST - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

Maybe a song about loss, being lost, and how they (the toys) have never been this lost before, and as it plays, INTERCUT our toys' REACTIONS as the truck drives by the following:

--A dramatic, plunging waterfall, a full rainbow in its mist.
--An old Mexican woman, selling dolls from a roadside cart.

--A little roadside Cantina, two burros tied up out front.

--Nuns lead a group of children out of drab adobe CHURCH and across a courtyard toward a building marked "Orfanato."
--An ancient Mayan ruin, complete with photo-taking tourists.

And as the SONG FADES, and our toys look increasingly concerned with each passing kilometer...

INT. THE PICK-UP TRUCK'S SHELL - DAY

Jessie stares out the window, worried.

JESSIE
How're we ever gonna get home?

D.D.
Home? We don't even where we are.

Minutia turns away from the window he's been glued to.

MR. MINUTIA
Weren't you toys paying attention? Based on speed, time traveled, and various road signs, I estimate we're 8.3 kilometers west of the ancient Mayan ruins at *Chichen Itza*.

JESSIE
Y'know, you're about the smartest dang toy I ever met, Professor.

MR. MINUTIA
Thank you, but technically I'm <u>not</u> a toy. I'm a "Learning Tool."

D.D.
(eyes rolled, sotto)
Oh, you're a tool all right.

JUNIOR
What was that, sassy-pants?

D.D.
You heard me, accessory.

Woody douses the fire before it can begin.

WOODY
Hey, c'mon now, we're all gonna have to pull together here if we ever want to get back to our kids.

MR. MINUTIA

And just how do you propose we do that? Even if we can get away from these... *thieves*, we don't have a clue where to find our families.

JUNIOR

And, if you haven't noticed, it's a jungle out there.

BUZZ

We'll just have to take it a step at a time. And the first step is...

He stops as the pick-up (finally) pulls to a stop.

WOODY

Get back in the bag!

EXT. THE JUNGLE - DAMON AND TITO'S CAMPSITE - DAY

Just off the road, in a grove of palms, is a walk-in tent, hammock, camping table and chairs, and a galley/kitchen with a grill and fire pit. The truck parks, and a beat later...

Tito and Damon hop out, Tito pulling the bag from the back.

TITO

Here you are, Senor.

DAMON

No, Tito. I want you to open it.

TITO

Me? Porque?

DAMON

Because I want <u>you</u> to experience the incredible rush that comes from being a succesful, world-class thief!

Giddy, Tito grins and excitedly unzips the bag to reveal--

Our six grinning, deadpan toys. Damon sags, but Tito BEAMS.

TITO (O.S.)

Juguetes!

He picks up Buzz and Woody, showing them off to Damon.

TITO (cont'd)

Look! Un "spaceman" y un vaquero!

DAMON

Forget the stupid juguetes! Check for money! Jewels! Designer wear!

Tito tosses Buzz and Woody aside and then FLIPS the bag over, shaking it so all of its contents fall out at his feet.

Then he chucks the bag aside and picks through the pile, tossing Jessie, Junior, and Minutia over with Buzz and Woody as he sifts through the contents... Sunny's books, vapid CD's, a shaving kit, clothes, a single tube sock, until...

TITO

That's it, Senor Damon. No mas.

Suddenly, a "chirp-chirp" sound (like a car alarm setting) comes from the discarded bag, followed by a female VOICE.

D.D (PRE-RECORDED)

"Your secret's safe with me!"

Damon picks up the bag-- D.D.'s inside, along with the other missing tube sock. He grabs her, gives her the once over, then jabs at the KEYPAD on the bottom of her platform shoe.

DAMON

Another blasted toy!
(tosses her in bag)
Well, as they say, "Nothing stolen, nothing gained." Put all this junk back in the bag, Tito, and grab the groceries. I have a call to make.

TITO

Si, Senor Damon.

Damon heads for the tent, but Tito doesn't start to re-pack. Instead, he starts playing with Buzz on the truck tail-gate.

TITO (cont'd) (doing a voice)

Hola! Yo soy Capitan Atomico!

He hits one of Buzz's console buttons.

BUZZ (PRE-RECORDED)

"To infinity and beyond...!"

Tito giggles, puts Buzz down, and picks up Woody and Jessie. He turns Woody toward Jessie, then pulls Woody's string.

WOODY
“You’re my favorite deputy!”

Tito then “dubs” a girlish, falsetto GIGGLE and reply.

TITO
Oh gracias, Senor Yanqui!

And then, to their frozen horror, he puts Woody and Jessie together and starts to MAKE THEM KISS.

TITO
(cont’d) (doing both voices)
Mmm! Kissy-kissy! Te amo mucho!

And as he makes mucho smoochy noises and keeps ‘em

kissing... BY THE TENT-- Damon, dialing his (satellite)

phone, notices.

DAMON
The bloomin’ groceries, man! Andale!

AT THE TRUCK-- Tito immediately drops Jess and Woody, grabs the grocery bags and heads for camp. A beat, and then...

Jessie and Woody snap to life and FREAK OUT, hopping up and down and wiping their mouths on their sleeves and spitting.

JESSIE/WOODY
Ewww! Ewww! Ewww-Ewww-Ewww-Ewww!

WOODY
I can’t believe he did that!

JESSIE
Can’t he see we’re sidekicks, not--

She and Woody both think of the next word.

WOODY/JESSIE
(back to hopping/spitting) Ewwwww!

BUZZ (O.S.)
Hey, what’s going on up there?

JESSIE
(points a finger)
Don’t you say a word to Buzz.

WOODY
(points one back)
And don’t you dare tell Bo Peep.

JESSIE
Partner, as far as I’m concerned,

what happens in Mexico...

WOODY/JESSIE

...stays in Mexico.

They shake on it, then hop down to the others, now standing in the shadow of the truck beside the bag.

JUNIOR

Nice of you to join us.

MR. MINUTIA

While you two cowpokes were busy *playing with* one of our captors...

BUZZ

I happened to come across *this*.

He pulls the still-attached LUGGAGE TAG up into view.

WOODY

The bag has a tag...?

BUZZ

With Dave's name, the Resort name, and Dave's cellphone number on it.

D.D.

(nods toward camp)
And those two losers have a phone.

JESSIE

(way ahead of 'em)
Which means one of us can call Coach Dave, tell him we're the good samaritan who found his lost bag...

MR. MINUTIA

...and where to come get it...

BUZZ

...and by tonight we're back with our kids. What do you think, Wood?

WOODY

(eyes the camp, intense) Let's go fetch us a phone.

EXT. THE CAMP - THE GALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Tito finishes unloading supplies as Damon wraps up his call, making his way to a HAMMOCK slung between two palm trees.

DAMON (INTO PHONE)
...no, the pilot wasn't any help, so we've had to search half the jungle. But we're getting close, and barring more bad weather or any more... monkey-business, I shall have her in hand very soon. It's all good. Ciao.

He hangs up, flops into the hammock, and drops the phone beside him as two teams-- Buzz and Woody and Jess and D.D.-- dart from bush to bush and tree to tree in the background.

DAMON (cont'd)
Well amigo, as you can imagine, our buyer is <u>not</u> happy with the delay.

TITO
But the delay is not our fault. We are late because of "los monos."

DAMON
Yes, los stinking monos. Those sneaky, wretched, thieving monkeys!

TITO
They are muy inteligente, those monkeys. Only coming when we sleep so that we never can see them.

He swings up and out of the hammock (*but leaves the phone*), then paces and glares into the surrounding jungle.

DAMON
And why do they take what they take?

NEAR THE HAMMOCK-- Buzz is behind one palm, Woody another. Both of them eyeing the phone visible through the hammock.

DAMON (cont'd)
Batteries from our flashlights...
(swats a bug on his neck)
...our mosquito repellent...

TITO
...my bamboo blow-gun for hunting.

DAMON
Exactly! I mean, what possible use could a monkey have for a blow gun and a couple of tranquilizer

darts?

FOOOP! One of those DARTS flies out of the jungle and HITS DAMON SQUARELY IN THE RIGHT BUTT CHEEK.

DAMON (cont'd)
OWWW--!

He reaches back, yanks the dart out, eyes it...

DAMON (cont'd)
I believe I have my answer.

Then his eyes roll up and he FALLS with a THUD near the hammock, just a few feet from a stunned Woody and Buzz.

Tito, terrified, turns toward the jungle, *manos arriba.*

TITO
Please monkeys! No shoot! I am tu amigo, I am your friend, you see?

As he starts to act and screech like a MONKEY, Jess and D.D. run up to Buzz and Woody, all four of 'em talking at once.

BUZZ/WOODY/JESSIE/D.D.
Great job! Heck of a shot! He's out cold! One down, one to go!

WOODY
Where'd you get knock-out darts?

JESSIE
Where'd you find those darts?

BUZZ
We didn't.

D.D.
Wasn't us.

An uh-oh moment, then Woody says what they're all thinking.

WOODY
Then who was it...?

And as they turn and looking ominously toward the jungle...

SMASH CUT TO:

A BLOW-GUN poking through bushes, manned not by *monos* but by--

TOYS! Two G.I.JOE-LIKE DOLLS load and aim the barrel as their leader, a diaper and helmet wearing CUPIE DOLL yells:

CAPTAIN CUPIE
(angel face, badass voice) Fire, Whoopee, fire!

Behind the blow-gun, a flat, pink WHOOPEE CUSHION inhales, inflates, puts his "lips" on the tube and then, with a loud and embarrassing BRAAP! He sends the second dart flying.

EXT. THE CAMP

FOOP! Direct hit! Tito howls, a dart in his backside. He staggers, loopy, then smiles, wags a finger at the jungle...

TITO
...you bad, bad monkeys...

And as our four toys watch, awed, from beneath the hammock-- Tito topples just like Damon to the ground with a dusty THUD.

IN THE BUSHES-- the GI's bump fists, then Cupie jumps atop an R.C. MONSTER TRUCK and raises an amplified toy BULLHORN.

CAPTAIN CUPIE
Okay, people! Pick it clean!

In a remarkably organized fashion, DOZENS OF TOYS AND TRUCKS stream out of the bush, and go to work cleaning out the camp.

--HUNDREDS of tiny green SOLDIERS carry off a Coleman Cooler.
--Various slightly-familiar ACTION-FIGURES drag away a chair.
--A CONVOY of Tonka-like trucks are loaded up with gear.

IN THE MIDDLE OF IT ALL-- Cupie stands astride his racing Monster Truck, barking orders via bullhorn to his troops.

CAPTAIN CUPIE (cont'd)
That's it! Good work! This time, Utoypians, we leave NOTHING behind!

And as the PILLAGING CONTINUES, the guerilla-toys carrying, hauling, and dragging everything in sight to the jungle...

UNDER THE HAMMOCK-- our four toys gape in shock and awe.

BUZZ
Who are these guys?

They shrink back as PIRATE DOLLS carry a BOTTLE OF RUM and a silver ZIPPO LIGHTER by.

WOODY
I don't want to stay to find out.

D.D.
Let's grab that phone and fly!

Buzz drops to a knee, cups his hands together.

BUZZ
Jessie-- alley oop!

Jessie jumps into his hands and then BACKFLIPS up and into-- THE HAMMOCK, where she lands, spins, then sprints for-- THE PHONE, just as the CLAW of a CRANE is about to grab it.

D.D.
(to construction crane)
No problem, buddy, I got it!

She SNAPS it up, the crane moves on, and she hops down beneath the hammock, holding the phone in both hands.

WOODY
Nice job, Jess! Now let's beat ourselves a path back to--

BUZZ

DAVE'S SUITCASE passes by in the convoy heading into the jungle, strapped (with jump ropes) to two flatbed toy trucks.

D.D.
We lose that bag, we lose our kids!

BUZZ
Nobody's losing anything!

Instantly, Buzz bolts and runs alongside the convoy. Then he LEAPS, unseen, atop the flatbeds, and as Minutia and Junior reach out from under the unzipped flap to pull him in...

BACK BY THE HAMMOCK-- Woody shakes his head, awed and annoyed.

WOODY
He always makes it look so *easy*...
(beat, to Jessie, D.D.)
Our turn, girls! Follow that Buzz!

But before they can make a move-- they're spotted!

CUPIE'S TRUCK blocks their way, Cupie and SOLDIERS

aboard.

CAPTAIN CUPIE
Halt! You're not Utoypians!

A G.I. hops down, points to the phone in Woody's hand.

G.I. DOLL
They're looters, Captain Cupie!
Looters who are looting our loot!

He SNATCHES the phone from Woody, tosses it to Cupie.

WOODY

We’re not looters!

D.D

Those two losers found our bag and--

CAPTAIN CUPIE

(heard enough)
If you’re here with those thieves, then you’re ours now! Seize them!

And as our trio is quickly surrounded...

BACK AT THE SUITCASE-- Minutia pulls Buzz into the bag.

MR. MINUTIA

Lightyear, what’s going on?!

BUZZ

It’s all under control. The others are behind me and we have the phone.

Junior peeks out just as CUPIE races by, phone in hand.

JUNIOR

You mean that phone, there?

BUZZ

(gapes, stunned)
That’s the one...

MR. MINUTIA

I’m confused. *Where* are the others?

Equally confused, Buzz looks and spies, a few vehicles back--

A DUMP TRUCK, flanked by tanks, with Woody, Jessie, and D.D in the back, all three bound together by a jump rope.

BUZZ

Like I said, behind me.

IN THE BACK OF THE DUMP TRUCK-- Jess, Woody, and D.D. look around as they enter the mysterious rainforest.

D.D.

This just gets better and better.

WOODY

Well, look on the bright side. We’re all still together, and we’re still with the phone and the bag.

JESSIE

Woody's right. We'll get out of this jam and get home, somehow.

WOODY

Meantime, we may as well just sit back and... enjoy the ride.

DISSOLVE TO:

A JUNGLE TRAVEL MONTAGE - and this time maybe a more upbeat SONG as the CONVOY OF UTOYPIANS makes its way through the lush, colorful jungle, and its parrots, monkeys, snakes in trees, hanging vines, an occasional river, a bug named Flik...

END SONG and MONTAGE as the toy convoy finally arrives at--

EXT. THE TINY JUNGLE VILLAGE OF UTOYPIA - DAY

UTOYPIA is an improvised community jerry-rigged from cardboard boxes and wood-crates and adjacent to--

A CRASHED SEA PLANE, its fuselage half-buried in the soil and much of its cargo (pirated DVD's, counterfeit luxury items, illegal fireworks, etc.) still strewn across the area.

And as the CONVOY pulls into a CLEARING that's the center of Utoypia and encircles the perimeter like a Wagon train...

DOZENS OF CHEERING TOYS emerge from their homes to greet it. While some of these toys are fairly generic in nature (e.g. Cupie), some look rather familiar (more on that later).

AT THE HEAD OF THE CONVOY-- Cupie the Conquering Hero waves to his people, then jumps off his monster truck to supervise.

CAPTAIN CUPIE

(to the passing vehicles)
Those of you carrying loot, drop it with yesterday's take! And Dump Truck?! Bring me our prisoners.

The vehicles full of "loot" (including Dave's suitcase) head one way, while Dump Truck pulls up beside Cupie, DUMPS, and--

WOODY/JESSIE/D.D

.
Oooof !

Our three captives hit the ground with a THUD, and as they quickly draw a growing, curious crowd of Utoypians...

ACROSS THE SQUARE, WHERE THE "LOOT" HAS BEEN PILED-- Buzz, Minutia and Junior slip out of the suitcase unnoticed. Buzz turns toward town, where all eyes are now on the prisoners.

BUZZ
You two wait here.

MR. MINUTIA
Do you have a plan?

BUZZ
Nope.

He takes off, darting and hiding between parked vehicles.

BACK IN THE SQUARE-- Toy soldiers pull our trio to their feet. Captain Cupie strolls up to address them, cocky.

CAPTAIN CUPIE
Welcome to paradise. Or, as we Utoypians prefer to call it...

D.D.
(duh)
Utoypia?

CAPTAIN CUPIE
(looks her up and down)
Wow, all that and brains, eh toots?

D.D.
Put a pacifier in it, Private Pampers.

The crowd "oohs". Cupie knows he has no witty retort, so...

CAPTAIN CUPIE
Oh sure, pick on the baby.

MR. PAPAYA HEAD
(O.S.)
Well, well, who do have we here?

MR. PAPAYA HEAD waddles through the crowd. He looks a lot like you-know-who, but like the *original* Mr. Potato Head his eyes, ears, nose, etc. are stuck into a real piece of produce.

CAPTAIN CUPIE
Prisoners, from the camp we hit.

MR. PAPAYA HEAD
Then I must take them to our leader.

WOODY
(points to Cupie)
I thought he was the head honcho.

CAPTAIN CUPIE
(folds his baby arms)
Nah, I'm just the muscle.

MR. PAPAYA HEAD
Come, follow me to E.B.'s H.Q.

Papaya Head leads them toward the crashed sea-plane fuselage. The crowd follows a few steps behind, none of them noticing--

Buzz, moving parallel toward the plane through the thicket.

AT THE FUSELAGE-- Papaya stops at a GANGPLANK (made from broken crates) that lead to JAGGED HOLE below the cockpit.

MR. PAPAYA HEAD (cont'd)
E.B.! Cupie's troops have returned from their mission, triumphant! And they brought back prisoners!

The male, latin VOICE of "E.B." responds from within.

E.B. (O.S.)
Prisoners, eh? I should probably interrogate them. CUE MY FANFARE!

MR. PAPAYA HEAD
CUE HIS FANFARE!

A wind-up DRUMMING SOLDIER starts a drum-roll, and then...

An all-toy JAZZ BAND KICKS IN, toy monkeys banging cymbals, Whoopee (ala Dizzy) blowing a mean toy trumpet, and other various MUSICAL TOYS (zithers, kazoos) playing themselves. And if that's not enough, the crowd parts to reveal--

"THE E.B. SHOWGIRLS", six Barbie-like beauties, who shake and shimmy through the crowd to line both sides of the gangplank.

D.D.
(eyes rolled, sotto)
Get the hook.

JESSIE
(side of mouth, to Woody)
Where in the heck's Buzz?

WOODY
(side of his mouth, back)
My thoughts exactly.

IN A TREE NEAR THE PLANE-- Buzz is out on a limb, positioned directly over the top of the gangplank, ready to pounce.

ON THE GANGPLANK BELOW-- the fanfare crescendoes, the E.B. Dancers sweeping their arms toward the top of the plank.

THE E.B. SHOWGIRLS
"Heeeere... heeee... iiiiis...

The singing and music stops on a dime, Papaya announcing:

MR. PAPAYA HEAD
EL BOOOOZ!

UP IN THE TREE--- That's his cue. Buzz leaps, just as--

ON THE GANGPLANK-- "EL BUZZ" steps out, arms raised like Evita, and just as it registers *he looks just like Buzz..*.

WHAM! OUR BUZZ lands beside him, causing El Buzz to SCREAM. Buzz sees "himself" screaming, so he SCREAMS too, which in turn causes the entire CROWD TO SCREAM.

BUZZ, EL BUZZ,
THE CROWD
Aaaaaaaaaaahhhhhh !

Except of course for Woody, Jess, and D.D., who gawk.

WOODY/JESSIE/D.D
.
What the--? No way! Freaky !

ATOP THE PLANK-- El Buzz (think *Fantasy Island's* Mr. Roarke meets Antonio Banderas) gestures and instantly QUIETS THE CROWD. Then he points a finger at Buzz, who points one back.

EL BUZZ
(curious) Who are you?

BUZZ
(suspicious) Who are <u>you</u>?

EL BUZZ (cont'd)
Who am I? Who... am... <u>I</u>?
(with gusto)
I am El Booz! *Un producto de Mexico* and the self-appointed, beloved leader of the tribe of toys called the Utoypians! And you?

BUZZ
(pissing match)
I am Buzz Lightyear! Space Ranger and fearless explorer formerly of

Gamma Quadrant, Sector Four and--

WOODY
(yells to Buzz, annoyed)
--and *currently* one of Andy Davis's toys now totally lost in the jungle!

El Buzz turns now and eyes "prisoners" Woody, Jess, and D.D.

EL BUZZ
Did you say you are... *lost toys*? Because all of US are lost toys! That makes us *familia*... FAMILY!

He looks to the crowd and announces, grandly.

EL BUZZ (cont'd)
These toys are not our prisoners! These toys are our HONORED GUESTS!

A CHEER GOES UP, and as Minutia and Junior snake through the crowd to join the others amidst the cheering Utoypians.

And as our six toys trade looks, amused and amazed by their reversal of fortune...

EXT. DAMON AND TITO'S CAMPSITE - DAY

Damon stirs. Then he sits up, looks around, and SCOWLS.

The entire camp's been picked clean. Only the truck remains.

He GROANS, then turns to Tito, lying face-down next to him, the DART still protruding from his butt. Damon PLUCKS IT--

TITO
(springs up, disoriented)
Ayyyeeee! No monkeys! No mas!

DAMON
Tito, you fool, there's no monkeys! And there obviously never was!
(gets up, dusts off)
Someone attacked us and robbed us!

He turns and starts walking through the desolate campsite toward the luxury truck. Tito staggering along behind him.

TITO
Aye caramba, they took everything. I think we should report them.

DAMON
Report who, to whom? La Policia? Have you forgotten why we're here,

(MORE)

DAMON (CONT'D)
Tito? It's also not easy to report a crime when *you don't have a phone.*

He reaches the truck, throws the driver door open.

DAMON (cont'd)
But thank goodness they took it. Because the moment whoever did this decides to use my satellite phone--

INSIDE THE TRUCK-- Damon flips on the dashboard GPS. A detailed MAP with a grid-overlay appears.

DAMON (cont'd)
--my GPS system will tell us *exactly* where we can find them.

EXT. UTOYPIA - AGLOW WITH THE SETTING SUN

EL Buzz and Mr. Papaya Head (with a few other Utoypians tagging along) lead their six "honored guests" on a tour.

EL BUZZ
Please accept my *apologia* for my men taking you toys as prisoners.

MR. MINUTIA
(with a shrug)
The fog of war.

The others trade looks. Minutia's really getting annoying.

WOODY
(to El Buzz)
If you don't mind me asking, why were you attacking those guys?

EL BUZZ
Because they were snooping around, getting too close. We Utoypians will defend our home and way of life from anyone who threatens it.

JESSIE
But if you're the leader, why weren't <u>you</u> leading the charge?

EL BUZZ
Because I am a lover, not a fighter.

He winks at her... she blushes. Causing Buzz some concern.

EL BUZZ (cont'd)
Besides, I will never leave Utoypia.

D.D.
Never?

EL BUZZ
Why would I, or any toy here for that matter? Out in society, a toy has limited freedom. But here, see for yourself. Utoypia is paradise.

Our toys look around, and in a SERIES OF SHOTS they watch as--

--Bathtub/water toys frolic in a waterfall-fed tropical pond.
--Toys dance with abandon to the still-jamming toy Jazz band.
--Some toys laugh and play games; some *games* even play games.
--All of them happy, autonomous, and utterly carefree.

EL BUZZ (cont'd)
Best of all, we can survive here forever. The weather is mild, we have shelter from rain, and all the food and water a toy can need.

WOODY
(confused)
I'm sorry, what toy needs food?

MR. PAPAYA HEAD
Me. If I don't change my head once a week, it starts to rot.

The tour reaches the center of the village (the "Town Square") where many Utoypians now gather as dusk descends.

EL BUZZ
And every night, here in the heart of the village, we Utoypians like to gather and listen as our precious Goldy tell us a story.

MR. PAPAYA HEAD
She's like a mother to us...

EL BUZZ
...and has an endless supply of fascinating stories to tell.

GOLDY (O.S.)
But then, who wouldn't...

Our toys turn as GOLDY, a doll-sized, motherly MAYAN IDOL made of SOLID GOLD makes her way to the center of town.

GOLDY (cont'd)
...if they were as old as I am.

Our toys GASP at the sight of Goldy and her glowing aura.

MR. MINUTIA
Fascinating! If I'm not mistaken--

JUNIOR
And he never is...!

MR. MINUTIA
You are of Mayan origin dating back to the pre-Toltec period. Which would make you over 800 years old!

GOLDY
(offended, sarcastic)
Thanks, genius. You gonna guess and announce my weight now, too?

D.D
You've really been here 800 years?

GOLDY
Well, not exatly "here", dear. For a long time I lived happily in a museum with my other Mayan friends.
(with a wink and zest)
But then I was stolen...!

EL BUZZ
Goldy was on our plane, being smuggled with the rest of us.

BUZZ
(eyeing the wreckage)
So this was a smuggler's ship...?

JESSIE
Sorry, maybe I'm a bit thick, but why would anyone smuggle toys?

This draws a munchkin-like titter from the Utoypians.

EL BUZZ
You mean you have not yet noticed?

One of two Utoypian ROCK-EM-SOCK-EM ROBOTS chimes in.

ROCK-EM-SOCK-EM ROBOT
Our consistent lack of quality...

He turns and instantly starts battling it out with his opponent. And as they both connect... BOING! Their necks spring up and both of their (loose, broken) heads fly o.s.

CAPTAIN CUPIE

The careless typos on our boxes...

A Utoypian SLINKY DOG barks beside his "STINKY DOG" box, while "SKETCH-A-ETCH" writes on his screen: "Or even on us!"

GOLDY

Or how the pictures on some of those boxes look so much better than the actual toys inside?

A courting Ken-like-Doll knocks on the closed box of a GORGEOUS UTOYPIAN BARBIE. But the flap opens to reveal--

A HAGGARD BARBIE with sloppy painted lips, slightly crossed eyes, and hair like blonde cotton candy. As "Ken" SCREAMS...

EL BUZZ

See, just as all of you are *juguetes originales*, here in Utoypia...

THE UTOYPIANS

(in unison, sing-song)
We're all KNOCK-OFFS...!

And as they all give a loud and proud CHEER...

JUNIOR

Well, that would certainly explain why you were on a smuggler's plane.

MR. MINUTIA

Yes, the import of counterfeit merchandise is a direct violation of U.S. trademark law statute 187-14-B.

Goldy turns wryly to Minutia and Junior.

GOLDY

Boy, I bet all the kids fight to play with you two.

And as the Utoypians have a laugh at the eggheads' expense...

WOODY

Speaking of our kids, we could really use your help to get home.

EL BUZZ

But of course, El Woody! Just tell your amigo El Buzz what you need.

And off our toys' enthusiastic looks, CUT TO:

INT. DAVE AND SUNNY'S TIME SHARE CONDO - LATER (DUSK)

An ocean front unit, the sea and sky purple in the twilight.

INT. CONDO - ANDY'S FAMILY'S BEDROOM - SAME

The P-Heads stand atop a dresser near a window as Rex paces below them on the mexican paver floor.

REX

Where could they be? I just don't understand why nobody's found them.

MR. POTATO HEAD

(turns from the window)
Well, now it's officially dark, so if no one found 'em today, they sure ain't gonna find them tonight.

Rex groans, depressed.

MRS. POTATO HEAD

Enough with the doom'n'gloom. Can we think happy thoughts now, lighten the mood a little? Who knows a joke?

MR. POTATO HEAD

I got one. Knock-knock.

REX

Who's there?

MR. POTATO HEAD

Not our toys.

And as Rex groans and sags even more depressed...

INT. THE CONDO - KITCHEN AREA - SAME

Mood's not much better here. The two families eat dinner, both kids looking sullen and subdued. Jennifer (feeding Molly) shoots an encouraging look to Dave, who takes a shot.

DAVE
Hey kids, after dinner, how 'bout we check out the pool's water slide?

ANDY/SUNNY
Guess so./Whatev.

And as Dave sighs and gives Jen a frustrated shrug... Dave's CELL PHONE RINGS on a table across the room.

ANDY
Maybe someone found your bag!

Andy jumps up and races to answer it.

EXT. UTOYPIA - NIGHT

The toys (and some curious Utoypians) gather around Woody, who stands beside the bag and tag, satellite phone in hand.

WOODY
It's ringing! Quiet, everybody!

MR. MINUTIA
You're <u>sure</u> you know what to say...

WOODY
Yeah, relax, I'm good, thanks.
(then, panicked)
Wait-- what's it called again?

JUNIOR
The ruins of "Chee-CHEN Eet-ZAA."

WOODY
Chee-CHEN Eet-ZAA, right, got it.

He turns and steps away to concentrate, not realizing that his PULL-STRING has SNAGGED on the bag's zipper.

BUZZ
(hissing whisper) Woody, your string--!

Too late. It unsnags and retracts <u>just</u> as Andy answers.

ANDY (V.O.)
Hello?

WOODY (PRE-RECORDED)
"Howdy there, partner!"

ANDY (V.O.)
Woody--?!

Woody cringes--

INT. THE PLAYA MAYA CONDO - SAME

--and Andy whirls and yells to the others.

ANDY
It’s Woody! Woody’s on the phone!

DAVE
(sotto, to Jen) Poor kid...

JENNIFER
...he’s really taking it hard.

Dave gets up, and as Andy, beaming, hands him the phone...

EXT. UTOYPIA - SAME

DAVE (V.O.)
Hello?

Woody clears his throat and does a southern-fried voice.

WOODY
Hi, is this “David Rogers”?

INTERCUT - EXT. UTOYPIA/INT. BEACH CONDO

DAVE
Speaking.

WOODY
Well sir, I believe I have your bag.

DAVE
FANTASTIC! Where did you find it?

WOODY
Sitting by the roadside, on my way to the ruins of Chacha-oot-zoo.
(winces, damn!)
I mean, Choo-cha-atzaa, or whatever it is they all call that old place.

DAVE

Chichen Itza, okay, is that where you are now? Because the resort manager said if anyone found it, he'd send a driver to go pick it up.

WOODY

Actually, it's kind of hard to describe where I am, so why don't we just do this: Manana, I'm going back to the ruins of whatchamacallit...

DAVE

Chichen Itza.

WOODY

...yup, so how 'bout if that driver and I meet there at say, 9:00 AM sharp, somewhere behind the...

He squints at Minutia's LCD SCREEN, which now shows a pyramid surrounded by jungle and captioned "Kukulkan-Quetzalcoatl."

WOODY (cont'd)
(squints, butchering it)
...Koo-koo-kan-quetza-cattle-thing.

DAVE

The Pyramid of Kukulkan, at nine sharp, got it. And I'm dying to know... how's the suitcase look?

WOODY

Oh, no worries. I'm sure I was first to find it and I didn't touch anything so I imagine it's all there.

DAVE

That's great! Thanks, so much. Can I offer you a reward of some kind?

WOODY

That's big of ya, but it's reward enough for me just knowing I helped out a fellow turista. Adios, Coach!

And as he hangs up and gives a big "whew"...

INT. THE PLAYA MAYA CONDO - SAME

Dave ponders the "coach" thing a millisecond, then turns to Jen and the kids, beyond excited.

DAVE

How ‘bout that?! Nothing’s missing and we’re getting it back tomorrow!

ANDY/SUNNY

AWESOME! ALL RIGHT!

INT. ANDY’S FAMILY’S BEDROOM - SAME

The eavesdropping Rex and the P-Heads hear this and rejoice.

REX/THE POTATO HEADS

Hooray! Yippee! Woo-hooo!

MRS. POTATO HEAD

Oh thank goodness! What a relief!

Rex nods, smiles, then returns to his natural worried state.

REX

I just hope old Woody’s not too crabby after having to spending whole extra day stuffed in a bag.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. UTOYPIA - “TOWN SQUARE” - NIGHT

WOODY, whooping and dancing with the hot E.B. Showgirls as...

A UTOYPIAN BASH rages, the party lights courtesy of a dozen R.C. trucks encircling the revelers and scores of GLOW STICKS dangling (like Chinese lanterns) from strings overhead.

On a second dance floor-- Buzz watches as El Buzz delights the crowd with his dance moves, doing moonwalks, pop’n’locks, and finally spinning like a break-dancer atop his helmet.

IN A LIMBO LINE Whoopee deflates with a cacophonous BRAAP! before slipping easily under the stick to victory.

NEAR THE SEA-PLANE WRECKAGE, Cupie uses Damon’s ZIPPO LIGHTER to light a line of festive and colorful contraband SPARKLERS.

ACROSS THE WAY-- Hundreds of GREEN ARMY MEN use boxes of “Clinton Logs” to quickly construct a stage for...

Goldy, who steps out, Mr. Microphone-knock-off in hand, to entertain the troops like Ella Fitzgerald at an old USO show.

GOLDY

How y'all doing this evening? (the troops WHOOP)
You did us proud, defending our Utoypia! Give yourselves a hand!

As the troops CHEER, Goldy searches the crowd for our toys and finds them all together, watching the show with El Buzz.

GOLDY (cont'd)

You know, for many years, not long ago, me and my Mayan friends were part of a traveling exhibit. So I saw a lot, and I heard a lot. And I also knew what it was like to be homesick. And with that in mind, old Goldy taught the band a golden oldy or two, and we came up with this special medley, which I now dedicate to our six special guests.
(turns to band) Hit it, toys!

Goldy and band begin a fast jazz version of an old ditty.

GOLDY (cont'd)

(opening scat riff)
Shoo-bop-bah-dee-doo-diddly-do!
"What walks down stairs alone or in pairs, and makes a slinkety sound? A spring, a spring, a marvelous thing, everyone knows it's Slinky!"
(next song, it's a medley)
"G.I. Joe, G.I. Joe, accidentally let one go and he scared all the Germans awaaaaaay...!"
(next song, rockin' intro)
C'mon everybody, get up and dance!

The Utoypians CHEER and jump up, our toys joining in as...

GOLDY (cont'd)

"Milton Bradley's got a hot one, it's the Twis-terrr! Spin the spinner and call the spot!

D.D.

(singing along, dancing)
"Twister ties you up in a knot! Twist-errr, get Twister... from MB!"
(over music, to Jessie)

Y’know I could get used to this?
Doing whatever you want, whenever

(MORE)

D.D. (CONT'D)
you want. I think these Utoypians are really on to something!

JESSIE
I'll say! Not a care in the world!

INT. DAMON'S LUXURY TRUCK - SAME

Damon and Tito sit in their new "campsite", Damon watching as Tito carefully uses a pen and thin paper to TRACE THE DETAILED MAP showing through it on the GPS SCREEN.

DAMON
Trace all of it, Tito, every detail. It takes a thief to catch a thief and we will, first thing in the morning.

EXT. UTOYPIA - NIGHT - LATER

Show's over, but the party's still going, our toys having split into different groups. D.D. and Jessie sit by the moonlit waterfall, watching Buzz and El Buzz from afar.

D.D.
So, how long you been hot for Buzz?

JESSIE
What?

D.D.
Don't deny it, chica. I can tell.

JESSIE
Well, he is kinda handsome. Only...
(crinkles her nose)
What would a man who's spanned solar systems see in a tomboy like me?

D.D.
What're you talking about? You're adorable, and have a very pretty face. You just need a make-over.

JESSIE
Make-over?

D.D.
Nothing... extreme. Lose the hat, the rodeo clothes. Do your hair...

JESSIE
Uh, well, my hat's stitched to my head, my duds are sewn to my body, and my hair is just braided yarn.

D.D.
I love a challenge. C'mon...

And as she gets up and Jessie follows, CUT TO:

BUZZ AND EL BUZZ, strolling through the party. El Buzz, ever the charmer, warmly greets a pair of (female) WALKY-TALKIES.

EL BUZZ
How are you tonight, Talky-Walkies?

TALKY-WALKIES
(excited, with static)
We're great, E.B.! Over!

The Buzzes move on, toward a toy that looks like Mr. Spell.

EL BUZZ
Good evening, Miss Spell.

MISS SPELL
Hi!

BUZZ
(intrigued, to her)
"Miss" Spell? Back home in Andy's room, we have a a "Mister" Spell.

MISS SPELL
Really? Cool!

And as "K-O-O-L!" scrolls across her screen...

EL BUZZ
(with a wink)
But I think your name fits you.

And as they move along, El Buzz gets philosophical.

EL BUZZ (cont'd)
You know, it's good my knock-offs have never met their "genuine" counterparts, because they're happier not knowing what they lack.

BUZZ
Well, you met me. And you don't seem to have a problem with it.

EL BUZZ

But that is because I am “El Buzz.” And yet, I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t envious of your features.

BUZZ

Yeah? Like what?

EL BUZZ

For one, you have real buttons. Most of my buttons are stickers. I have only one actual button, here.

He presses a button on his chest and a recording plays.

EL BUZZ (cont’d)
(hispanic, cheesy echo)
“To infinity (finity, finity...)!”

BUZZ

Interesting. Because if I hit mine--
(he does, pre-recorded))
“To infinity and beyond...!”

EL BUZZ

“To infinity... and *beyond*?” That makes no sense. Everyone knows there is nothing beyond infinity.

BUZZ

Sure there is. There’s... beyond.

EL BUZZ

(unimpressed, moving on)
What else have you got?

BUZZ

(hitting buttons)
Laser beam. Closeable helmet.

EL BUZZ

Nice. Handy in a rainstorm.

BUZZ

And get a load of this.

Buzz smugly hits a button and his WINGS pop open.

BUZZ

(cont’d) Sweet, huh?

E.B. nods and does the same, only HIS WINGS ARE MUCH BIGGER.

EL BUZZ

Very sweet.

Buzz tries, but can't hide his envy. El Buzz pats his back.

EL BUZZ
(cont'd) (sotto, with a wink)
It's really about how you use them.

And as Buzz nods, mopes, and their stroll continues...

EL BUZZ (cont'd)
So Lightyear, how long have you had a crush on the cowgirl?

BUZZ
Who told you that? Woody?

EL BUZZ
No one. I can sense these things.

BUZZ
(sighs)
Okay, I like her. But every time I say something, or make a move, it never seems to make an impression.

EL BUZZ
Well, you can't blame your looks. You are one handsome devil, if I do say so myself. Which means you must be lacking in self-confidence.

BUZZ
It's crazy. I was designed with the guts to battle Zurg and slay entire galaxies of aliens, but put me up against a girly toy and I'm toast.

EL BUZZ
Because you are a fighter, not a lover. How ironic-- inside we are opposites, yet outside the same.

BUZZ
(suddenly inspired)
Would you be willing to... help me?

EL BUZZ
Well, I could give you some pointers. But self-confidence is not really something one can teach.

BUZZ
Which is why I should probably skip class and go right to graduation...

EXT. UTOYPIA - BY THE CONVOY FULL OF GOODS - SAME

Woody walks up as Cupie supervises a crack team of "G.I. JOELS" swapping the suitcase's broken wheels with new ones.

WOODY
Where'd you get the new wheels?

Cupie stabs a thumb toward the crashed smuggler plane.

CAPTAIN CUPIE
We got over a dozen sets of "Larry Vitton" luggage inside that plane.

Woody looks toward the fuselage just as Minutia emerges.

MR. MINUTIA
The entire plane's full of banned cargo. Pirated DVD's, Cuban cigars, crates of illegal fireworks...

JUNIOR
(coming out behind him)
Plus really cool diving stuff-- scuba tanks, spear guns. Boy, the pilot of that sea-plane had everything.

WOODY
Except a stretch of sea to land on.
(then, to Cupie)
So Cupie, what's our exit plan?

CAPTAIN CUPIE
(chomping an unlit stogie)
Well, after I fix your bag, it goes back on the trucks and tomorrow me and Papaya Head'll run you down the hill to where the jungle meets the ruins. After that, it's up to you find your driver and your ride home.

WOODY
Great. So long as we leave early enough to be there at nine, sharp.

CAPTAIN CUPIE
(turns, calls o.s.)
You got that, Rickey?

An ALARM-CLOCK that looks much like Mickey Mouse, chimes back.

RICKEY MOUSE
CLOCK
Got it, Cupie.

And as his "alarm" hand sets itself to eight, D.D. walks up.

D.D.
Yo, any of you guys seen Lightyear?

WOODY
Last I saw him, D.D., he was--

He turns toward her and GAPES. Not at D.D., but at--

JESSIE, beside her and now looking hot! She's hat-free, her hair's swept up, and wears an evening GOWN over her duds.

WOODY (cont'd)
Jess? Is that... you?

"BUZZ"(O.S.)
Excuse me, gorgeous.

Now the two Buzzes approach, "Buzz" plucking a PASSION FLOWER from a plant along the way and suavely offering it to Jessie.

"BUZZ" (cont'd)
Are you looking for me? Because I've been looking for you... all my life.

Jessie actually blushes. She takes the flower...

JESSIE
Well ain't you sweet.

...and "Buzz" offers her his arm.

"BUZZ"
Care to take a moonlight stroll?

JESSIE
You bet yer--
(ahem, "a lady")
I believe I would, thank you.

Jessie takes his arm, and as they stroll past a beaming D.D. and equally proud "El Buzz"... Woody looks like he may puke.

WOODY
What's gotten into them two?

"EL BUZZ"
Tell you what's gotten into me.
(looks around, sotto)
El Buzz's voice chip.

WOODY
Hah?

"EL BUZZ"
It's me, Woody, Buzz. See?

He pushes his laser button and fires a beam. It IS our Buzz, only somehow he now SOUNDS like the latin El Buzz.

"EL BUZZ" (cont'd)
Me and El Buzz switched our voice chips, so now he sounds like me and me like him. Just like we saw Mr. and Mrs. Potato Head swap mouths.

Woody just blinks, flabbergasted.

"EL BUZZ" (cont'd)
Clever, eh? First super-smooth El Buzz lights her fire, then we swap voices back and me, the real Buzz...

WOODY
Gets burned. What happens if the fire he lights gets out of control?

"EL BUZZ"
Huh. Didn't think of that.

WOODY
Well if I were you, I'd keep an eye on them in case you need to douse it.

And as "El Buzz" suddenly looks concerned, CUT TO:

EXT. THE MOONLIT SWIMMING HOLE AND WATERFALL - SAME

Where "BUZZ" AND JESSIE share a cozy "Clinton Log" bench.

JESSIE
It's nice here. Water's pretty.

"BUZZ"
(leans toward her, suave)
Yes, but nothing like the tranquil pools of light inside your eyes.

He takes her hand, starts leaning toward her.

"BUZZ" (cont'd)
When I gaze into them... paradise.

JESSIE
Okay, Lightyear. Quit pouring on the sappy syrup and pucker up.

And as she pulls him in for a kiss...

A two-fingered ear-splitting WHISTLE stops them cold. They turn to see "El Buzz" standing atop the trail behind them.

"EL BUZZ"
Buzz! May I speak with you please?

JESSIE
Sorry El Buzz, but this Buzz is busy!

"EL BUZZ"
But it's... muy importante!

"BUZZ"
(gets up, to Jessie)
I'll be back in a moment, darling.

He hustles up the trail, meets the real Buzz in a bush.

"EL BUZZ"
You dog, you were gonna kiss her.

"BUZZ"
Not true, she was going to kiss me. For a tomboy she's a real *tomcat.*

"EL BUZZ"
(heard enough, hand out)
My voice chip, Romeo. Pronto.

BACK AT THE CLINTON LOG - SECONDS LATER

The real Buzz, now sounding like himself, returns to Jessie.

BUZZ
Sorry, guy talk. So where were we?

JESSIE
Right here, you big lunkhead.

She pulls him in and LAYS ONE ON HIM. Buzz flails a bit, not quite sure what to do at first. But then he relaxes, "gets it" and starts to kiss her back. Then Jessie breaks it off.

JESSIE (cont'd)

How’d you like that,
spaceboy?

Lovestruck Buzz is speechless. His WINGS POP UP. Say no more. And as she leans in to smooch him again...

BUZZ

(leans back, dodging)
Jess, there's something I gotta tell you. All of that sweet-talk--

JESSIE

You mean when El Buzz was pretending to be you?

BUZZ

(taken aback) You knew?

JESSIE

Heck Buzz, it's dark out, but I can still tell a sticker from a button. Besides, he was all talk, and I say *actions* speak louder than words...

This time Buzz takes the cue. As he leans in to kiss her...

A FEW BUSHES OVER-- Woody, D.D. and El Buzz watch the lovebirds, then El Buzz turns and heads for D.D., hand up.

EL BUZZ

We did good, senorita.

He slaps her five as he passes, D.D. continuing the motion to give E.B. a sassy slap on the butt. He mock-yelps...

EL BUZZ (cont'd)
Oooh! I owe you one, chiquita.

...and as he swaggers back to the village...

Woody and D.D. start to follow, walking side-by-side.

WOODY
Well D.D., a few more hours and we'll be back with our kids.

D.D.
Yeah. I can't wait to see Sunny.

WOODY

(nods)
And Andy... and Molly. And the way things are going, I guess we'll be seeing a lot more of each other.

She shoots him a look.

D.D.

You hitting on me, Cowboy?

WOODY

I'm sorry, when I said "we" I meant Andy's toys and Sunny's toys will be seeing more of each other.

D.D.

Maybe, and maybe not. Our kids want different things, Woody. Your Andy really wants Dave to be his Dad. And my Sunny, well...

WOODY

You know something I don't know?

She stops and turns to him.

D.D.

Yeah, I know a lot of things. You see, I was named D.D. for a reason.
D.D. stands for "Digital Diary"...

She picks up her foot with the built-in keypad, enters a P.I.N. and then SUNNY'S VOICE comes from a small speaker.

SUNNY

(RECORDING)

"Dear D.D., I can't believe Dad invited them on our vacation. So now I have to spend an entire week pretending to be all happy about--

D.D. hits a button, stops playback.

D.D.

And that's just her warming up.

WOODY

What's she so unhappy about?

They resume their moonlit stroll.

D.D.

Think about it. Her parents are divorced and now her Dad's moving on. That can be rough on a kid, having to share a parent with a whole new family. Not to mention it means your own Mom and Dad won't be getting back together.

WOODY

(nods, understanding)
Well, I just wish she'd give it a chance. Because Andy, and his mom, and his sister are really great.

D.D.

I'm sure they are. But change is always scary, and hard, for a kid.

WOODY

It's scary for everyone. But if all you do is avoid it, who knows what great things you might miss.

(beat)
Take us six toys, for example. This morning, we wanted nothing to do with each other. But now, after all we've been through, it's pretty clear we're better together than we are apart.

D.D.

We do make a pretty good team.

WOODY

So would our families. But then, I guess this stuff isn't really up to us, is it. We're just the toys.

D.D.

Toys and a couple of learning tools.

WOODY

Riiiight.

And as the two friends continue their stroll in the night...

EXT. THE RAINFOREST - MORNING

Damon and Tito, dirty and sweaty, thrash through the forest as they try to read/follow the traced GPS map Tito created.

DAMON

This map you drew is worthless, Tito! There's no sign of anyone!

TITO (O.S.)

But Senor, look...

Damon turns. Tito's holding up a man's cheetah-print SPEEDO.

TITO (cont'd)
Isn't this your swimsuit?

Damon snatches it away. Look around, eyes narrowing.

DAMON

Told you we were close.

EXT. UTOYPIA - VILLAGE SQUARE - MORNING

The entire town has gathered for the send-off. Our six toys wait with El Buzz as Jessie, back in her duds, joins 'em.

JESSIE

Sorry I'm late. Had to stitch my hat back on...

Cupie cues the flatbeds carrying the suitcase. They crank their engines, "Simulated Big Rig Sounds!" filling the air. Then El Buzz turns to his honored guests.

EL BUZZ

Well, mis amigos, are you sure you don't want to stay here in our carefree little kingdom?

JESSIE

Gosh, El Buzz, it's awful tempting...

BUZZ

(puts an arm around Jess)
But we need to get back to our kids.

MR. PAPAYA HEAD

Wow. Those kids must be pretty great if you're giving up paradise.

WOODY

They are. And someday, maybe some of you will decide to venture out and find a great kid of your own.

EL BUZZ

(laughs, amused)
Woody, please. With real toys like you out there, what child would be happy with a knock-off like us?

BUZZ

Any child would. Kids are just happy to have a toy to play with. A toy to call their own.

JESSIE

A toy they can love.

They've made a pretty good case, the Utoypians clearly affected. But then the moment is broken, as--

An ALARM BELL-CLANGS. It's Rickey Mouse, and it's 8:00.

CAPTAIN CUPIE
Okay cowboy. Better get moving if you want make your rendezvous.

But as our toys start to climb up to the suitcase-
- A toy JEEP carrying green SOLDIERS tears into town.

GREEN SOLDIER #1
Captain! Those humans are back!

CAPTAIN CUPIE
What?! Don't those guys ever quit?

EL BUZZ
How did they ever find us?

BUZZ
How close are they?

WOODY
(points o.s.) See for yourself!

At the edge of town, bushes shake as Tito and Damon, only their heads visible, thrash their way through the thicket.

GOLDY
(seeing Damon, sotto)
Dios mio, that's the guy who stole me from the museum! I'm history!

And as she takes off running, presumably to hide...

ACROSS THE SQUARE-- Jessie calls out the command:

JESSIE
Flop'n'freeze!

Our six toys do an instant f'n'f. But the Utoypians... gawk.

EL BUZZ
What are you crazy toys doing?

WOODY
(realizing, sotto)
They never had to do this before...
(sits up, yells)
Flop and freeze-- play dead! It's the only way they'll leave us alone!

The Utoypians turn to El Buzz. El Buzz eyes the humans. The six dead-still toys. Then he turns to his people--

EL BUZZ
Everybody down!

--and the entire village falls to the ground, lifeless.

There's a BEAT of dead quiet, and then...

Damon and Tito EXPLODE from the brush and stomp into town like two angry, sweaty Gullivers. They eye the toy-filled clearing, then Tito turns, gapes, and points.

TITO
Boss-- de plane! De plane!

Damon whirls and GRINS at the sight of the Sea Plane wreckage.

DAMON
Of all the dumb luck! Come, Tito!

Thrilled, he practically skips toward the plane, Tito in tow. And as they navigate their way through the field of inanimate toys and past El Buzz and our gang... Woody stirs, whispers.

WOODY
C'mon...

Our six and El Buzz hop up and meet behind Stinky's toy box.

EL BUZZ
(realizing)
So that's why they were snooping around. Because of the plane...

BUZZ
Let's just hope they take what they want and go.

ACROSS THE VILLAGE-- Tito stops to marvel at all the toys.

TITO
Senor, why so many *juguetes*?

DAMON
Who knows? That lousy pilot I hired was smuggling all sorts of junk.
(beat, ecstatic)
Can you believe it, Tito? We spend <u>weeks</u> scouring the jungle searching for this wreck, and we find it while tracking down the thieves who took--

He stops as he spies the BIG PILE OF THEIR THINGS.

DAMON (cont'd)
--our things...
(slaps his forehead)
BLASTED!

TITO
(excited, grabbing PHONE)
Si, Senor, it's all here! The phone and everything from our camp!

DAMON
I KNOW it's here! Which means the THIEVES got here first and have undoubtedly stolen my stolen idol!!

He proceeds to throw a first-class HISSY FIT, stomping on assorted toys, picking up and throwing Cupie, kicking Stinky Dog. And as El Buzz, watching, curses them in spanish...

Raging Damon turns and KICKS a cutesy, plush BUNNY RABBIT. KLANK! His toe nearly BREAKS as it hits something HARD.

DAMON (cont'd)
Owwwww! My bleeping TOE!

He hops around, howling, holding his toe. Curious, Tito picks up the offending rabbit, which turns out to be...

A HAND PUPPET, with something heavy inside. He reaches in and fishes out (you guessed it)...

GOLDY, gleaming and glittering in all her old, gold glory.

TITO AND DAMON
(eyes like saucers)
The idol...!

DAMON
We found it, Tito! She's MINE!
(snatches it away, giddy)
Well, she's not really mine, she's for our buyer, but now his money, all that blessed money, will soon be mine, mine, and yes... MINE!

And as he kisses Goldy and does a little victory jig...

BEHIND THE "STINKY DOG" BOX-- El Buzz and our gang react.

EL BUZZ
No... they cannot take Goldy! We must do something!

D.D

Like what? Nothing we can do, unless you got more knock-out darts.

JUNIOR

Yes, there are rules all toys need to follow when around humans.

EL BUZZ

I have no stinking darts, and *we don't need no stinkin' rules!*

MR. MINUTIA

You do realize breaking the rules will mean the end of your Utoypia.

EL BUZZ

Nonsense! This is just a camp in the jungle! Me and my TOYS are Utoypia! Are you with me or not?

BUZZ

Let's do it!

JESSIE

Let's take it to 'em!

WOODY

Let's save old Goldy!

BY THE POOL AND WATERFALL-- MOMENTS LATER

Damon sits facing the water, marveling and cooing at Goldy.

DAMON

You, my little golden goddess, have had me very, very worried. What have you been doing all alone all this time in the big bad jungle?

A FEW YARDS AWAY-- Tito emerges from the fuselage, wearing and holding a number of knock-off SUNGLASSES.

TITO

Boss, look. "Roy-Bans."

But then he lowers his shades, squints toward the square.

TITO (cont'd)

Senor... where are los juguetes?

Damon follows Tito's gaze, turns toward the village, and-

- ALL THE TOYS ARE GONE. The village completely deserted.

DAMON

(stands up, baffled)
That's... rather odd.

TITO

Maybe we only imagined them...

EL BUZZ (O.S.)

Excuse me!

Damon and Tito GAPE as *El Buzz strolls their way.*

TITO

(feeling his forehead)
Maybe we have the malaria...

EL BUZZ

No, what you *have*... is not yours!

Damon chuckles. He's too smart for this. He looks up from El Buzz, then turns and yells, into the surrounding jungle:

DAMON

You think you're clever, don't you?! Using a bizarre remote control robot to do your bidding! Well I AM NOT IMPRESSED BY YOUR COWARDICE. C'mon, show yourselves!

EL BUZZ

(eyes narrowing, intense)
As you wish.
(turns, arms raised)
Utoypians attack!

WHAT FOLLOWS IS A BATTLE OF EPIC (TOY) PROPORTIONS

There's a BATTLE-CRY, and as Tito and Damon's jaws drop... A THOUSAND CHEERING TOYS toys burst forth from the bushes.

DAMON

What the dickens--?!

LEADING THE CHARGE-- HUNDREDS OF GREEN ARMY MEN, who quickly swarm all over the stunned humans like army ants.

TITO/DAMON

(kicking and
flailing) Aaaaaahh---!

ATOP A ROCK-- Cupie cues a dozen SUCTION-CUP DART GUNS.

CAPTAIN CUPIE
FIRE!

A VOLLEY OF DARTS soar and then STICK to the thieves' arms, cheeks, and foreheads, but before they can yank them off...

A BRIGADE OF BARBIE-KNOCKOFFS in matching plaid skirts and carrying SHARP PICK-UP STICKS lead a Braveheart-like charge. And as pointy-wood penetrates hiking shorts and socks...

DAMON/TITO
Yeeee-oowwww!!!

Then cowpokes Jess and Woody race in atop pink and purple My- Pretty-Pony-Clones, dragging a NEON JUMP ROPE between them.

JESSIE/WOODY
Yeeeeee-haaaaaa...!

They quickly run circles around Tito, wrapping the rope tightly around his ankles, and as he starts to teeter...

STINKY-DOG turns to a battalion of Nerf-like "NARF" GUNS aligned atop a NARF BOX ("Hours of Harmless Fun!").

STINKY-DOG
NOW!

POP-POP-POP-POP! Tito SCREAMS as he's pelted--

STINKY-DOG (cont'd)
(hoots, thrilled)
"Harmless fun" my butt!

--and then Tito starts to fall backwards, sending all the toys behind him SCATTERING, except, of course, for--

WHOOPEE, who aligns himself perfectly under Tito's buttocks.

WHOOPEE
(as he's flattened)
BRRRAAAAAAPPPP.

The battle pauses a beat as toy-covered Damon shoots Tito a disappointed look. Tito shrugs, embarrassed, and then...

The battle continues, Mr. Papaya Head charging, spraying, and blinding Damon with an aerosol CAN OF "STUPID STRING." Damon wipes his face with his free hand (the other holds Goldy), then SNARLS and (finally) launches an offensive.

DAMON
Yaaaaaah--!

He turns and STOMPS ON Papaya Head, totally CRUSHING HIM. But as he lifts up his papaya-covered boot..

MR. PAPAYA HEAD
(okay, just his mouth)
I'll be back!

And as his HANDS starts to gather up his parts...

Damon continues to counter-attack, turning toward Woody and Jessie as they ride toward him dragging another jump-rope.

WOODY
Jessie-- look out!

WHAM! Damon BOOTS Jessie off her horse, sends her flying. She lands in a heap, unharmed, then hops up, turns to Damon--

JESSIE
Is that all you got, sissy-boy?!

And as he ROARS and raises a boot to stomp on her--

Buzz LEAPS into frame and SHOVES Jessie out of the way just as Damon's mighty boot falls. Jessie and Buzz tumble and come to a stop right beside the toy-covered Tito.

DAMON
(points at Buzz)
The leader, Tito! Get their leader!

Buzz tries to run but is GRABBED by Tito, who TOSSES HIM to--

DAMON (cont'd)
(screaming in Buzz's face)
Call off your troops, spaceman!

But as he turns Buzz sideways to face his "troops"--

Buzz POPS HIS WINGS OPEN, POKING DAMON RIGHT IN THE

EYE.

DAMON (cont'd)
OWWW--!

Buzz BURSTS from his grasp, jumps, lands right beside E.B.

EL BUZZ
(re: the wings)
See? Told you it's *how* you use them.

D.D. (O.S.)
Vamanos!

They turn as D.D. leads the next wave-- an IMPRESSIVE BATTALION OF WAR TOYS (Tanks, Jeeps, Humvees), bayonet-toting
G.I. Joels, and a pair of Tonka CONSTRUCTION CRANES swinging their metal "claws" around like a medieval knight's mace.

Tito's had enough. He SCREAMS, turns, bolts for the jungle...

DAMON
Tito, come back here you coward!

Damon whirls to his attackers, then he SCREAMS as he sees-- CUPIE, riding atop a Humvee and using Damon's Zippo to ignite-- A BUNDLE OF BOTTLE-ROCKETS. WHOOSH-WHOOSH-WHOOSH! Damon
COWERS as a fusillade of projectiles EXPLODE all around him.

Now he's had enough. He turns, runs, leaps over Dave's suitcase. Then he grabs it by the handle, spins, and FLINGS IT (along with attached trucks) right in the raiders path.

D.D.'s lead vehicle can't stop. It T-BONES the suitcase, sending D.D. flipping head-over-high-heels and into--

THE POND, where she PLUNGES under water and comes up yelling:

D.D.
Little help please?!

In a flash, lassoo-twirling Woody rides up, throws her a line, pulls her out. Dripping D.D. jumps to her feet.

D.D.
(cont'd) Thanks cowboy!

WOODY
Pleasure's mine, D.D.!

BACK IN THE BATTLE-- Damon staggers under a TREE, where EL BUZZ and the ROCK-EM-SOCK-EMS await on a limb above him.

EL BUZZ
Uno, dos, tres--!

They drop onto Damon, El Buzz land on his HEAD, the Robots on his shoulders, and as they PUMMEL him from all sides--

DAMON
Owww!

He uses Goldy to knock one Robot off, then the other, but El Buzz doesn't go so easy. He drops and GRABS HOLD OF DAMON'S HAIR. Damon violently shakes his head, like a rodeo bull trying to throw its rider.

EL BUZZ

(holding tight)
DROP...OUR...GOLDY...!

BY THE POND-- Minutia watches Junior pump up a WATER ROCKET.

MR. MINUTIA

Keep pumping, Junior! Maximum pressure yields maximum effect!

And as Junior pumps some more, CUT BACK TO--

Damon, as he YANKS El Buzz off his head, then HOWLS

because-- El Buzz is clutching two HUGE HANDFULS of hair.

EL BUZZ

Had enough?!

Damon answers with a GROWL. He HURLS E.B. aside and turns as--

JUNIOR

Blast-off--!

Junior hits release and with an EXPLOSION of water the missile rockets toward Damon and nails him right in the FAMILY JEWELS.

DAMON

Oooooof !

He doubles over, drops to his knees and, finally DROPS GOLDY. She lands on her feet and glares up at her nemesis, pissed.

GOLDY

Steal me once, shame on you! Steal me *twice*...

She winds up and CLOCKS HIM ONE, right in the kisser, the blow from her solid-gold FIST snapping Damon's head back.

He shakes it off, now more FURIOUS than ever. And as he lunges to grab her again--

OUR BUZZ swings in on a JUNGLE-VINE, native-style, and sweeps Goldy out of harm's way. Then he drops her in the arms of--

A nearby TRANSFORMER KNOCK-OFF.

BUZZ

Get her outta here!

He instantly transforms to a RACE CAR, Goldy at the wheel.

GOLDY

Sweet freedom!

She floors it and races off, disappearing in the brush.

TITO (O.S.)

Senor Damon--!

IN THE BUSHES-- Tito beckons from a safe distance.

TITO (cont'd)

Vamanos!

Damon realizes it's over. He struggles to his feet, then looks around and glares at his many, tiny conquistadors.

DAMON

You may have won the battle, but you have lost the war! Because I'll come back, but before I do...

(pulls phone from pocket)

I'LL TELL THE WORLD ABOUT "*THE VILLAGE OF MAGICAL TOYS*" AND I'LL CAPTURE YOU, EXPLOIT YOU, AND BE RICH BEYOND MY WILDEST DREAMS!

And as he smugly turns his back and starts to walk away...

Cupie whips off his diaper (baring a pudgy plastic ass) and uses it to SLING A PEBBLE at the departing Damon.

WHACK! It nails the back of his head. Damon YELPS, turns, shakes a fist, but as Cupie loads up another one...

The prissy brit shrieks, turns, and takes off running.

A CHEER GOES UP, and as our toys and the Utoypians rejoice...

EL BUZZ

(turns, calls out)

They're gone, Senora Goldy!

Goldy rolls back into town and looks around, touched.

GOLDY

Fantastico! You are my heroes! Gracias, to all of you, so much.

EL BUZZ

(turns to our toys)

And especially you, mis amigos.

WOODY

You're welcome. Happy to help.

He scans the crowd, finds Rickey Mouse. It’s 8:30.

WOODY (cont’d)
But we better get a move on
if we’re gonna make it home.

BUZZ
Where’s Mr. Papaya Head?

MR. PAPAYA HEAD (O.S.)
Right here, I’m coming---!

He runs over from the Papaya Tree, frantically jamming his features into his newly picked head.

MR. PAPAYA HEAD (cont’d)
Sorry, I was putting my face on.
But now I’m fresh and ready to go!

But then Cupie approaches, pulling up his diaper.

CUPIE
Sorry, no one’s going
anywhere right now.

He jerks a thumb toward the suitcase and flatbeds, still on their sides where Damon threw them, each with a BROKEN AXLE.

JESSIE
Gosh almighty! Can you fix it?

CUPIE
Maybe, but not in time for you to
get downhill and catch your ride.

The stunned toys react, devastated. Back to Square One.

D.D.
Oh, no. Now we’ll never get back.

A beat, then Minutia turns toward the crashed sea plane.

MR. MINUTIA
Actually, there might be a way...

WOODY
Whatcha got, Minutia?

TIME CUT TO:

AN AMAZING SIGHT as the entire village now gathers around the suitcase, all four of its corners tethered with cord to--

A LIFE RAFT, *floating a few feet above the bag* as a DIVER'S TANK, attached to the raft's valve, continues to fill it.

Buzz marvels, hands on hips, at their makeshift dirigible.

BUZZ

Helium! Y'know, Andy had a helium-filled Buzz balloon floating around his party last year, but I had no idea divers used it in scuba tanks.

JUNIOR

Have to, if they dive deep enough.

MINUTIA

(diver footage on his LCD)
In which case, a mixture of air and helium is necessary to keep the nitrogen level in their bloodstream-
-

D.D. interrupts him with a passing pat on the back.

D.D.

Save it for science class, hombre. Our baggage is boarding.

And as Minutia and Junior follow D.D. into the suitcase...

Buzz and Woody stride over to El Buzz, Buzz shaking his hand.

BUZZ

Well hermano, as we like to say...

EL BUZZ

(teasing wink)
"To infinity... and *beyond!*"?

BUZZ

Actually, I was going for "Hasta la vista and beyond" but close enough.

Jessie, now in the bag with others, calls to 'em.

JESSIE

Let's go boys! Time to fly!

BUZZ

Coming my little prairie flower!

As he lopes off toward the bag, El Buzz beams.

EL BUZZ

They make a a lovely couple.

WOODY

(nods, with a sigh)
Guess I better get used to it.

El Buzz throws an arm around him. They head for the bag.

EL BUZZ

Well, un cambio puede ser bueno. Sometimes a change can do you good.

WOODY

(nods, looks around)
There's some big changes ahead of you, too.

EL BUZZ

Yes, we will have to leave tonight.

WOODY

Well, have you given any more thought to my suggestion?

EL BUZZ

I have, and will propose it to my people. Gracias, Woody.
(shakes his hand) And vaya con dios.

WOODY

Happy trails to you too, El Buzz.

TIME CUT TO:

An "Oz" like LIFT-OFF, the smiling Utoypians cheering and waving as the suitcase-zeppelin departs their tiny village.

THE UTOYPIANS

(waving, cheering, ad-lib) Adios! Hasta luego! Goodbye!

And as our toys wave back and respond in kind...

ON A ROCK - ABOVE THE VILLAGERS - El Buzz and Goldy wave too.

GOLDY

Look at them. So happy to be heading back to their families.

EL BUZZ

And soon Goldy, you will be too.

And from Goldy's surprised (and pleased) expression, CUT TO:

EXT. THE WILD BLUE YONDER - DAY

The MUSIC SOARS as they float past the treetops to reveal--

AN AMAZING PANORAMA. On one side, the lush jungle canopy stretches far as the eye can see. On the other, a glimmering blue ocean. And below them, a few miles away, a huge CLEARING in the jungle and dozens of amazing stone temples and a towering ancient pyramid... the ruins of *Chichen Itza.*

ABOARD THE SOARING SUITCASE - SAME

At the "helm", Buzz points to the ancient city.

BUZZ

Destination sighted!
(whirls, Capt. Kirk)
Mr. Minutia, go to warp speed!

Behind him, Minutia whirls and calls to Junior.

MR. MINUTIA

We need full power, Junior! Give us everything you've got!

At the "stern", Junior holds up a small, plastic, hand-held FAN. He flips the battery switch, the blades turn, and then, as the SOARING MUSIC PEAKS and ENDS...

They quietly putter out of frame with an underwhelming whir.

EXT. ON THE EDGE OF CHICHEN ITZA - MOMENT LATER

A "Playa Maya" jeep sits parked behind the Pyramid, well off the beaten path. The DRIVER paces beside it, eyes his watch. It's 9:15. He looks around again. Plenty of tourists mill about in the distance, but nobody's heading his way.

He shrugs and turns to get back in the jeep, not noticing as--

IN THE SKY BEHIND HIM-- a suitcase full of toys hanging from a helium-filled life-raft is slowly on approach.

ABOARD THE DESCENDING SUITCASE-- the toys spy the jeep.

BUZZ

Jeep, HO! The jeep

pulls away.

ALL THE TOYS

Oh, NO!

They all sag in grief and disbelief as the jeep disappears down a winding jungle road.

ALL THE TOYS (cont'd)
(ad-lib)
I can't believe it! We're too late! Now we'll never get home!

WOODY
(watching jeep, pointing) LOOK!

BELOW THEM-- the jeep, racing along the winding jungle road, is now heading back in their direction and, in a matter of seconds, will pass directly underneath them.

WOODY (cont'd)
(whirls to crew)
Buzz, get me the land anchor!

As Buzz nods and goes for something...

JESSIE
Woody, we don't have time to land!

WOODY
Exactly! So we won't!

Buzz returns with the "land anchor", a pistol-sized, spring- loaded SPEAR GUN with a long COIL OF NYLON CORD. He hoists the barrel up on his shoulder as Woody mans the trigger.

60 FEET BELOW-- the jeep races toward 'em, about 60 feet below. Not any easy target by a long shot.

WOODY (cont'd)
Hold her steady, Buzz! We're only gonna get one shot at this!

And as Woody closes an eye and takes aim...

WOODY'S POV: The jeep races toward them, then directly beneath them. Woody pivots to follow it and then--

FOO00P! HE FIRES! The barbed spear flies, coil pays out and--

EXT. THE HIGHWAY BELOW - MOVING WITH THE JEEP

THWOCK! The spear penetrates the SPARE TIRE bolted on the back of the jeep.

UP IN THE FLYING SUITCASE-- the toys CHEER! Direct hit! But as the cord pays out and suddenly goes taut--

The suitcase/liferaft does 0-60 in 2.2 seconds flat.

THE TOYS
(screaming, whiplashed) Aaaaaaahhhh--!

STAY WITH THE SPEEDING SUITCASE as the screaming toys hang on for dear life. But after a moment, they realize...

It's all good. They're level, stable and PARASAILING BEHIND THE PLAYA MAYA JEEP, sixty feet above the jungle highway.

Woody holds tight to the spear-gun, turns to the others.

WOODY
Playa Maya, here we come!

And as the six toys WHOOP, sit back, and enjoy the ride...

INT. THE PLAYA MAYA CONDO - MOMENTS LATER

Andy sits waiting by the condo's front window, which looks out onto a short pathway that leads up to the PARKING LOT.

As he sighs, anxiously, Dave and Jennifer come up behind him.

JENNIFER
(holding Molly)
Andy, honey, why don't you come joins us down on the beach?

ANDY
I will. After my toys get here.

And as he goes back to watching and waiting...

Dave turns to Jennifer and eyes his watch, equally concerned.

DAVE
(low)
I knew I should've gone myself.

But Dave's spoken too soon as above them, in the lot, the JEEP pulls into the condo's reserved space.

ANDY
It's here!

He hops up and bolts for the door, Dave a few feet behind him, Jen and Molly straggling behind.

EXT. THE PARKING LOT

The Driver gets out and heads for the path, oblivious as...

ABOVE AND BEHIND HIM-- Woody continues to quietly reel them in while four toys, one per corner, man a tether's slip-knot.

ON THE PATH-- The Driver stops as he sees Andy and Dave heading his way (and there's the o.s. SOUND of a suitcase dropping onto a resort jeep's roof-rack).

DRIVER

Senor, I go to the pyramid but--

ANDY

(running by him) You got it!

Dave slaps the confused Driver on the back, then bounds up the path to find Andy already standing on the rear bumper of the jeep, trying to pull the suitcase down.

DAVE

I'll get it, sport!

He pulls it off the roof, and as Jen, Mol and Sunny arrive...

JENNIFER

(holding Molly)
It's finally here! Hooray!

Dave turns and slaps the stunned Driver a nice TIP.

DRIVER

Gracias...?

ANDY

C'mon, let's open it!

The two families turn to head inside, little Molly the only one who notices as, high in the sky above them...

MOLLY

Baaah-looon.

...a raft with four dangling tethers floats away on a breeze.

INT. THE CONDO - LIVING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Dave plops the bag on the coffee table, unzips it.

ANDY

Buzz! Woody! Jessie!

Seconds later, he's hugging our boys, Molly hugging Jessie.

SUNNY
D.D.! I missed you!

She pulls D.D. out, clutches her to her chest. Then she puts D.D. down and pulls out Junior and Minutia.

SUNNY (cont'd)
And Mr. Mah-noot-ee-ay and Whatsyerface, I missed you too! Even though my Dad kinda made me pack you.

As Dave shoots a shrug to Jennifer, Andy pulls Woody's string.

WOODY (PRE-RECORDED)
"You're my favorite Deputy!"

ANDY
Yeee-haaa, Cowboy! Let's play!

As Andy and Mol take their toys out to the patio...

MOM
Andy, honey, watch your sister. I'm gonna go clean up breakfast.

OUT ON THE PATIO-- Andy holds up his two beloved toys.

ANDY
Bet you guys are glad to finally be out of that suitcase! Guess what?
(turns them toward view)
This is what Mexico looks like!

BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM-- Dave zips up and lifts the bag.

DAVE
Sunny, why don't you go play? I'm gonna make sure everything's here.

SUNNY
Sure, Dad.

Dave hustles the bag off to his bedroom, leaving Sunny alone with D.D. She looks around, flips D.D. to reveal the shoe- pad, then enters her P.I.N., the buttons beeping as they're pushed. But when she hits the one marked "Play"... nothing.

SUNNY (cont'd)
Huh.

She tries again. Nope. Confused, she shakes D.D., then GASPS as a trace amount of WATER trickles from a seam.

SUNNY (cont'd)
Oh, no!

She plops down on the couch, dejected. Andy, having heard her groan, comes in from the patio, Molly a step behind.

ANDY
What's the matter, Sunny?

SUNNY
(doesn't even look up)
D.D. got wet. She's broken...

A beat. Andy looks to Molly, then back to Sunny.

ANDY
That stinks. But if you want, I'll let you play with Buzz or Woody.

He offers her his toys, even though he hasn't had much of a chance to play with them yet. And as little Molly follows her brother's example and offers Jessie to her...

Sunny looks up at her two would-be-siblings, so selflessly offering their toys, and can't help but smile.

SUNNY
You know, she'll probably be okay once she dries out, but... thanks.

ANDY
No problemo, senorita!
(then, to Mol, as "Buzz")
C'mon, Jess! You, me, and Woody gotta save Cancun from Zurg!

Andy "flies" Buzz and Woody out to the patio, a giggling Molly tagging behind with Jessie. As Sunny watches 'em go...

INT. DAVE AND SUNNY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

DAVE
(low, frantic) C'mon... c'mon...

The bag's contents are dumped on the bed, Dave desperately sifting through it. But then he finds what he's looking for-- a tube sock. Reaching inside it, he pulls out... a RING BOX.

DAVE (cont'd)
YES!

He pops it open but then immediately SAGS because it’s...

DAVE (cont'd)
...aw, no...

...EMPTY. And as he sits on the bed, totally bumming...

SUNNY (O.S.)
Dad?

He turns. Sunny's in the doorway.

SUNNY (cont'd)
What's the matter?

Dave looks at the ring box in his hand, then back to Sunny. He musters a smile, pats the bedspread beside him.

DAVE
C'mere, sweety. Have a seat.
(as she does, deep breath)
Well, I was hoping to pick the perfect moment to talk to you about this, but since perfect doesn't seem to be an option any more, here goes.
(turns to her)
Honey, I didn't invite the Davises down here just so we could all vacation together. I was also planning to ask Jennifer a question.

He holds up the closed ring box. Sunny swallows.

SUNNY
Is there a... ring in there?

DAVE
Used to be.

He opens it to reveal the empty box.

SUNNY
Oh no. Somebody... stole it?

DAVE
Seems that way.

SUNNY
Wow. So does this mean you're not gonna ask Jennifer to marry you?

DAVE
(smiles)
Well, there's no rule that says you have to have a ring to propose. But since it's kinda weird without one...

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a plain silver RING.

DAVE (cont'd)
I picked up an el cheapo silver band in the Guest Shop yesterday. In case my bag never turned up.

He pops it into the slot inside the black velvet box, then snaps it and shut and turns to Sunny, looking serious again.

DAVE (cont'd)
But the ring's not my concern, Sunny. See, this is too big of a decision-- too much of a *change* for us-- for me to make alone. We're a team, you and me, so no way am I gonna call a play this huge without running it by my star player first.

Sunny nods. A lot going on in that head of hers right now. Dave takes her by the hand, his tone softening.

DAVE (cont'd)
So what do you think, babe?

At first, Sunny doesn't know what to think, or say. But then--

She hears LAUGHTER coming from outside. Turning toward the bedroom's sliding glass door, she sees, out on the patio...

Andy's using Buzz to make his Mom and Molly laugh. It's a bittersweet image of a happy, yet incomplete, family.

Sunny turns to her Dad, sees he's watching them too. And the look on his face makes it clear just how much he wants this.

Sunny has her answer. She puts a hand on his shoulder...

SUNNY
It's a good play, Dad. Call it.

Dave's smile stretches from ear to ear. They hug, then...

SUNNY (cont'd)
Okay, so when's the big moment?

ANDY (O.S.)
Dave! Sunny! Come quick! There's a bunch of dolphins swimming by!

DAVE
(smiles, with a wink)
Soon as we get some time alone...

He gets up, drops the ring box in his NIGHT STAND. And as they head for the patio to check out the dolphins...

D.D., left alone on the bed, sits up.

D.D.
Well D.D. old girl, let's see if your *other* secret-keeper still works.

She punches a sequence into her shoe-keypad, then hits the "#" twice. There's that familiar "chirp-chirp" sound, and...

A SECRET COMPARTMENT pops open on the sole of her other shoe.

INT. ANDY'S FAMILY'S BEDROOM - LATER

On the floor of his room, Andy reunites Buzz, Woody, and Jessie with the Potato Heads and Rex.

ANDY
Hey Rex, hey Spud-Heads, look who's back from the land of lost luggage!

And as he starts to do the dubbing thing again...

ANDY
(cont'd) (being Woody)
Howdy, partners! Well if you aren't a sight for sore eyes!
(then, as Buzz)
And a sore stomach! We toys haven't eaten in days!
(as Potato Head)
Ha, you're real funny, Lightyear.

JENNIFER
(poking her head in)
C'mon, Andy, we have to go if you're gonna make the puppet show.

ANDY
Okay Mom!

And as he drops his toys and runs out of the room...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...Dave holds Molly as Jennifer loads a diaper bag.

SUNNY
So where's the puppet show again?

DAVE

Same place they had the mariachi thing, on the lawn beside the pool.

SUNNY

Oh, because... I was thinking maybe I could take 'em. I mean, I know how to change Molly's diapers, and Andy's never a problem...

Dave shrugs to Jennifer ("up to you").

JENNIFER

Sure Sunny, that'd be great, thanks.

She hands Molly to her, then shoots Dave a look, impressed.

ANDY

(such the team player)
I've got the diaper bag! Adios!

He bolts ahead, out the front door. And as Dave follows Sunny and Molly, so he can shut the door behind them...

DAVE

Thanks, Sunny.

SUNNY

Good luck, Dad.

He shuts the door, then turns to Jen with an impish grin.

DAVE

Wanna take a walk?

INT. ANDY'S FAMILY'S BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

Andy's toys wait, inanimate, as Dave and Jen exit the sliding door to the patio and head down toward the beach. Then--

REX

Finally...!

It's a love-fest as the toys reunite. Hugs and handshakes.

ANDY'S TOYS (AD-LIB)
HOORAY! YOU'RE BACK! WE MISSED YOU!

REX
And again, I'm so sorry for...

WOODY

Rex, relax. We're all together again, that's all that matters.

REX

Yeah, but you had to spend all that time in the bag with those--
(eyes bug, points o.s.)
MEAN TOYS!

They all whirl as D.D., Minutia, and Junior stroll in.

MR. POTATO HEAD

What are you creepos doing here?!

MRS. POTATO HEAD

Go back to your own room!

BUZZ

Potato Heads, disengage!

JESSIE

Yeah, we're all good friends now!

REX

But... how could that be?

MR. POTATO HEAD

I'll tell you how-- they've gone loco! That's what 24 hours inside a dark suitcase'll do to ya!

D.D.

Actually, we didn't really spend all that much time in the suitcase.

MR. POTATO HEAD

Then where the heck were you?

And as the six toys look at each other (where to begin?)...

MRS. POTATO HEAD
(O.S.)

Hey everybody--! Come quick!

They all turn-- Mrs. Potato Head is staring out the sliding glass door, toward the beach.

MRS. POTATO HEAD (cont'd)

Hurry, or you're gonna miss it!

EXT. THE BEACH - FIFTY FEET FROM THE CONDO - SAME

Dave is down on one knee, holding Jennifer’s hand.

JENNIFER
(ecstatic)
Yes! Yes, yes, yes!

Dave stands, reaches in his pocket, pulls out the ring box.

DAVE
And Jen, before you see it, this is only a temporary ring, and I promise I'll get you a much, much nicer one once we get back home.

He turns the box toward her, opens it. Jennifer GASPS.

JENNIFER
Dave... it's STUNNING.

Confused, Dave spins the box around, and GAWKS because--

There's an amazing DIAMOND RING inside, the one he lost. As he stares at it, dumbfounded, Jen gets even more excited.

JENNIFER (cont'd)
So, how big's the one you're buying when we get back home?

INT. ANDY'S FAMILY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The toys watch now as the happy couple share a kiss.

THE TOYS
Awwww...

D.D.
Well, looks like we're all gonna be one big, happy *familia*.

JESSIE
Yup. And I wonder how El Buzz and his familia are all doing...

Woody thinks a beat, then lights up, inspired.

WOODY
Maybe there's a way to find out.

EXT. THE BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Fiancee Jennifer beams (and admires her ring) as fiance Dave talks excitedly on his cell.

DAVE
..yeah, ten minutes ago, right on the beach. Uh-huh... a Spring wedding...
(there's a faint beep))
Hey Mom, I got another call coming in. Yeah, okay, I'll call you back.
(clicks over) Hello?

WOODY (O.S.)
(southern fried voice)
Dave Rogers? Remember me?

INT. ANDY'S FAMILY'S BEDROOM - DAY

The toys gather around the room phone as Woody's at it again.

WOODY
The fellah who found your bag?

INTERCUT - THE BEACH AND THE BEDROOM

DAVE
Of course! I just got it back. Thank you, so much. And I'd still like to give you a reward or something, for helping me out.

WOODY
Well, since you insist, how 'bout if I let you buy me lunch tomorrow?

DAVE
Great! Just tell me where to meet.

WOODY
Well, about ten minutes outside the airport, there's a single-lane road leading up into the jungle...

EXT. THE RAINFOREST - NEXT DAY

A rented MINI-VAN turns off the main highway and onto the road Damon and Tito originally took into the rainforest.

WOODY (V.O.)
...go about a half hour or so, until you see a tiny village...

EXT. TINY VILLAGE IN THE RAINFOREST - DAY

WOODY (V.O.)
...where there's a nice taco stand behind an old adobe church.

Just as Woody says it, the mini-van pulls up outside. A beat, then the doors slide open and our families get out. Instantly, Andy, Sunny, and Molly light up, because...

THERE, in the COURTYARD between the church and "Orfanato", DOZENS OF HAPPY KIDS enjoy smacking a half dozen PINATAS.

ANDY
Cool. Pinatas!

Dave and Jennifer look around. Everywhere are happy kids, and a few priests and nuns. But no other adults.

DAVE
(to Jennifer)
Do you see anyone that looks like a manure salesman from Kentucky?

INT. THE PARKED MINI-VAN - SAME

Buzz and Woody are pressed to a window, eyeing the courtyard.

BUZZ
I don't see 'em anywhere, Wood.

WOODY
Oh, well. Then I guess they didn't like my suggestion.

But at that very moment...

EXT. THE COURTYARD - SAME

The first of the pinatas BURSTS and out tumbles...

UTOYPIANS! Stinky Dog, Miss Spell, G.I. Joels and more, the excited ORPHANS diving and snapping up the lovable knock-offs.

OVER NEAR THE CHURCH-- Jennifer turns to a nearby NUN.

JENNIFER
Wow, I don't think I've ever seen so many happy kids in one place.

NUN
Senora, it was like a *milagro*, a miracle, this morning. Before the children awoke, we nuns came outside and found hundreds of these wonderful toys, lying everywhere.

BAM! More SCREAMS as another pinata bursts, then another, and as Utoypian after Utoypian falls out and into the loving embrace of a happy, laughing child....

BAM! The PINATA NEAREST THE VAN bursts, and out tumbles...

EL BUZZ, who falls between the arms of two jostling big kids and right into the arms of a very surprised little boy.

And as he CLUTCHES El Buzz to his chest, hugging him like he's never hugged anything before in his life...

El Buzz looks over his boy's shoulder, and right at...

The Van, where he sees *Buzz and Woody watching*. They smile.

Seeing them, El Buzz gives a subtle look of surprise. Then he smiles back, truly happy, before he's carried away by his new best friend. And as the CHURCH'S BELL starts to ring...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A CHURCH NEAR ANDY'S HOUSE - SPRINGTIME

...where WEDDING BELLS ring and flying rice pelts Groom Dave and Bride Jennifer, emerging from the church with their kids.

EXT. THE DAVIS HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

A BACKYARD RECEPTION is under way, with food, drink, and lively music. On the DANCE FLOOR, Dave takes his new bride for a spin, inspiring Sunny to drag out a reluctant Andy.

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - SAME

There's a party going on here, too, as Andy and Sunny's toys dance along to the music. Woody with Bo, Buzz with Jess,
D.D. with the Emperor (Empress?) Zurg, and Slinky with--

SUNNY'S OLD DOLL, who's been glued completely back together like a human jigsaw puzzle. She smiles, no longer crabby.

By the open window, Rex eyes the party, turns to Troll.

REX

I feel bad for the Potato Heads. They're missing the entire party.

BELOW THEM, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PARTY-- Mr. and Mrs. P-Head, decked out like a bride and groom, sit frozen atop the cake.

BACK TO ANDY'S ROOM-- Hamm sits at Andy's computer, Minutia and Junior beside him as they pull up NEWS from a website.

ON THE SCREEN-- a picture of GOLDY and other golden Mayan Treasures. The caption: "Stolen Idol Now Back In Museum."

MR. MINUTIA

That's it, Hamm! You've found her!

JUNIOR

Guys, c'mere! We found Goldy!

The entire Mexico gang comes over, eyes the screen.

WOODY

Well look at old Goldy!

BUZZ

And her family! Handsome bunch.

JESSIE

She looks happy, don't she?

And as they all nod in agreement...

D.D.

Hey, I wonder whatever happened to those two jerks that stole her.

INT. A MEXICAN PSYCH-WARD - DAY

IN A PADDED CELL-- a haggard looking Damon is interviewed by a SHRINK, sitting outside his cell, who holds up a CUTE DOLLY.

SHRINK

And tell me... is *this* toy alive?

DAMON

Not right now, you idiot! Listen to me, because I've been telling you people this for the past SIX MONTHS- - *the toys only come alive when no humans are looking!*

SHRINK

Fascinating...

And as he turns away to jot a note... the Cute Dolly in his hand SCOWLS and STICKS HER TONGUE OUT at Damon. He freaks.

DAMON

Did you see that? She's alive! They're all alive I tell you--!

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - DAY

The lively toy party continues, as does the human party outside, Buzz and Woody watching from the window as the FEMALE GUESTS begin to assemble directly below the window, including the clearly more mature Sunny and the much bigger-girl Molly.

BUZZ

Crazy, isn't it? How much all our lives have changed in so little time?

WOODY

Well pal, time flies when you're having fun. Speaking of fun...

Woody turns toward the bedroom, where his eyes follow Jessie, now giving ole Bullseye a little trot around the room.

WOODY (cont'd)

How's things with you two. Good?

BUZZ

Affirmative. She's amazing, Woody. Smart, funny, in mint condition.

Jessie rides by, blows Buzz a kiss. He returns it, oblivious as behind him, Jennifer THROWS the BOUQUET over her shoulder.

BUZZ (cont'd)

And you know what else is great about her? Even after six months of dating, that girl's in no hurry.

Suddenly Jessie's eyes snap to the window, just as the BOUQUET flies right past Buzz and Woody and into the room.

JESSIE

HURRY, BULLSEYE, MOVE IT!

They take off like a SHOT, racing across the room, slaloming through toys, all the while Jessie with her eye on the prize until then, at full-gallop, she STANDS ON BULLSEYE'S SADDLE, LEAPS into the air, and CATCHES a bouquet that's bigger than she is before landing squarely on her feet. She hoots--

JESSIE
(cont'd) YEEEEEEEE-
HAAAAAAAAA!

And as Buzz reacts like a deer in the headlights, it's...

THE END